


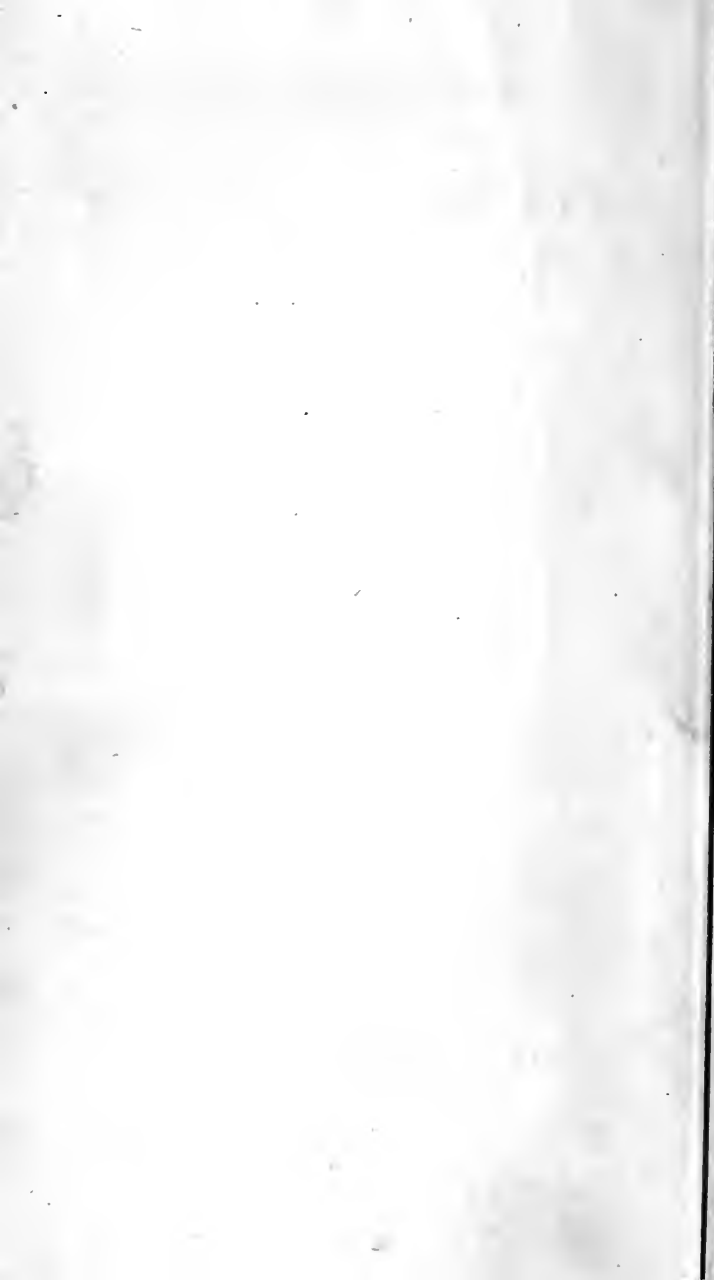
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RHYMES, REVERIES,

AND

REMINISCENCES.

BY

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

ABERDEEN :
PRINTED AT THE HERALD OFFICE,
BY JOHN FINLAYSON.

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TO THE READER.

It may be all very well for those who assert a real or supposed right to public consideration, to dash unceremoniously into the presence of their readers, waiving all the recognised courtesies of authorship; but I fear that I, who most assuredly make no such pretensions, must e'en conform to precedent, and attempt something in the shape of preface, which may, perhaps,

Turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

The question, "what is poetry?" has been more frequently asked than satisfactorily answered. Poetry has been described as the language of passion, as, indeed, it often is—

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame—

but poetry, also, is not unfrequently the language of the gentlest composure and resignation—

I hear a voice ye cannot hear
That tells me not to stay ;
I see a hand ye cannot see
That beckons me away—

so that to call poetry the language of passion, instead of defining it, only describes one of its qualities. It is, however, difficult to give a concise definition of poetry. I will content myself with saying that, when the imaginative writing of one individual, either in prose or verse, comes home (to use an emphatic expression) to the heart of another, that writing is poetry. It is for you to judge, not for me to say, whether this be the character of the following pages. The master minds of the present and former ages have culled the most prominent and the majority of the lesser features of nature, and left but mere gleanings to the minor bards. Shakespere, Burns, and Wordsworth, are monopolists on earth, while Milton, Byron, and Shelley, are the same among the spheres. But although the mine has been well wrought, still it is inexhaustible, and many an humble labourer on Parnassus may, from time to time (although not classed with the pioneers of literature), fall in with some gem or flower to attract the attention of his fellow-men ; so that we, the minors, must content ourselves with describing scenes and characters which have immediately come under our observations ; and, if this be faithfully done, I see no reason why we

should be denied the little merit which may fall to our share—

Verse comes from heaven like inward light,
 Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't ;
 The god, not we, the poem makes,
 We only tell folks what he speaks.

I had begun to rhyme at an early age, as the fly-leaves of a number of books could testify ; but when, in more advanced years, I began to read the works of Ramsay and Burns, I was so ashamed of my irregular limping trash, that I gathered it together and put it in the fire. I regret this rash step, as I have often since had a curiosity to know what my juvenile ideas were. My youthful productions, however, are gone, and you may think it would be little loss to the world though the older ones should follow them ; still you may ask—

But why thus publish ? there are no rewards
 Of fame or profit when the world grows weary.
 I ask, in turn, Why do you play at cards,
 Why drink, why read ? to make some hour less dreary.
 It occupies me to turn back regards
 On what I've seen, or ponder'd sad or cheery ;
 And what I write I cast upon the stream,
 To swim or sink, I've had at least my dream.

Numerous were the songs and sonnets which, in a more advanced age, I wrote, and presented to Ellens, and Marys, and Janes ; but, as I generally gave away the original, without reserving a copy for myself, I am of opinion that these fair maidens, after having sufficiently laughed at the unlicked cub of an author, used them up

(as Slick has it) for curl papers. I do not regret their fate, however, as it is probable they could not have kept their head above water amidst the torrent of such-like mawkish trash which daily issues from the Press.

Still, although my youthful musings are gone, unlike the "baseless fabric of a vision," they have left a trace behind. And when we conjure up the recollections of our childhood, how fondly does memory revel amongst the little incidents and trifles which then appeared to us of such momentous importance. Have we not looked on a game at marbles or pitch and toss, with the same interest (though with much less bitter feelings) as the gambler who has his hundreds at stake? Have we not been excited to a very frenzy of joy at our "side" having won, or struck with deep chagrin at its having lost, a game at "shinnie" on the Denburn Green?

There is a period in the life of every man (I mean the period when the passions are strongest), when the *minutiae* of life are forgotten, or, at least, but slightly remembered, as if Nature kindly drew a veil over our dawning manhood, in order to spare us the blush for many an impropriety and inconsistency we are then guilty of. Not so with the years of our childhood, every item there leaves an indelible impression, which time cannot erase, as every remarkable circumstance, at that time, of itself marks an era.

Every Aberdonian who can recollect the battle of Waterloo will also be able to remember that, about that time, a goodly number of young men rejoiced in the

name of the "Bow Brig Fencibles." They will also recollect that this troop did not belong to the regular or local militia, nor to the Footdee or Gilcomston Pikemen, nor to the almost forgotten, comical, and unsoldier-like "Battery Company." In short, although it was of a warlike disposition (as some of the passers up and down the "Burn-side" could testify), yet it did not belong to any regular or volunteer corps enrolled under the then reigning monarch.

The Fencibles were formed of three classes, the first division about twenty years of age, the second fourteen, and the third ten. Each had its own respective station at the Bridge, and none of the junior classes were allowed to approach the consultations of the senior, who generally issued all orders for "sprees" or "kicks up," as they were called; and however grievous these orders might have been to the juniors, there was no appeal, for to have remonstrated would only have obtained for the malcontent "a fussle i' the chafts," a species of chastisement in no way desirable, especially when administered, as it generally was, by a willing hand.

It has often been remarked in my hearing, by strangers, that the boys of Aberdeen were more prone to mischief and annoyance than those of many other cities and towns in which they have sojourned. Without endeavouring to test the truth of this assertion, I can safely say that their track is easily traced in woods and fields, when a bird-nesting, by the broken branches of trees, and copingless fences; and in the town and

suburbs, by broken mouldings and corners of buildings, or rows of headless cast-iron railings; and, as if the destructive habit was essentially inherent, even children of an older growth (if true Aberdonians), cannot let a cart-load of straw or hay pass upon the street without mulcting it, though only to the extent of a single straw. It will readily be believed that this propensity was very fully developed amongst the Bow Brig Fencibles.

A number of old people, male and female, met at the Bridge in the summer evenings—the men to discuss politics and talk of the war, and the women to listen and “tak a loop o’ the shank.” Many were the reproofs and admonitions which they would give to the Fencibles regarding their conduct, but, although they generally treated the old people with respect, they lent but a deaf ear to their admonitions.

The ties of clanship were very strong among the Fencibles. For instance, a few of them would propose a *dook* in the Dee, and in returning home might, perhaps, pay a visit to some gardener’s carrot or turnip plots, and while helping themselves to one or other of these roots, would get their caps or jackets captured by the owners, for the transgression; what was the result? The Corps made it a common cause, resorted in a body to the gardener’s grounds, and either levelled his pailings or pulled up some hundreds of his young cabbages, the retribution generally proving that he had better have allowed the delinquents (as there was no police force) to have got off scot free.

Though thus prone to mischief, they had some re-

deeming qualities, which, if they did not entirely excuse, went far to palliate their conduct in the eyes of the neighbours. I have known the Corps to be acquainted with the locality where a number of sailors were in hiding, and although the pressgang, in hot pursuit, would offer them bribes for information, I never heard of a single instance of their violating the trust thus reposed in them. At times also, they might be seen uniting their strength to assist some poor half-starved horse up the ascent of the Bridge; or, in winter, giving their willing and unsolicited aid to some countryman whose horse had fallen on the frozen causeway.

I once witnessed an act of humanity performed by one of the Fencibles, which would have been worthy even of Grace Darling. Every Aberdonian knows that, after a time of continued rain, the Denburn used to be flooded to a fearful height. A poor old woman, washing some clothes in the Burn during one of these floods, slipped her foot and tumbled in, when deaf Jock Shirras, who was, as usual, at his post on the Bridge, without a second of thought, dashed into the impetuous torrent, and, at risk of his own life, rescued the infirm old creature from a watery grave.

As Jock was rather a "character" in his way, I may relate an anecdote or two concerning him. He was considered the tallest of the Fencibles, and the best bit of game at the Bridge, and, being a pugilist, was an ugly customer to encounter when fairly enraged. He was, moreover, a dog and bird fancier, but the sequel

will show that his knowledge of the feathered tribe was rather less perfect than Audabon's. One of the Fencibles, who wanted to have some sport at Jock's expense, told him that he had a blackbird to dispose of, and the price was sixpence. Jock struck the bargain, and received the bird, which was truly a black bird, although not one of the singing kind, being neither more nor less than a black chicken. Jock took it home and put it in a cage, and, some weeks after, when the fellow asked him how the bird was thriving, Jock (who, although he preferred singing to speaking, being partially deaf and imperfect in his articulation, which sounded as if his nostrils had been stuffed with cotton) replied, "O, its a pretty prute, but nae siggin' yet, tho' it cheeps ponny." He actually kept it in the cage until it was too big to get out at the door. When Jock went a-courting, he never thought of recommending himself to the fair sex by a display of any of the accomplishments then in vogue, such as singing or dancing, but took a truly novel and original method, in this country at least, of winning the good graces of his future *cara sposa*; he took her to the river Dee, and, there stripping off his clothes, told her she should see "how peautiful he could swib"—an acquirement at which he was a perfect adept.

Anecdotes more or less amusing might be told of most of these worthies, but, as Walter Leith, the Town's Drummer, used to say, they would consist of "a number of articles too tedious to mention," and as I would never have "gone through Coventry" with them, I

shall leave them, by saying "Peace to their manes ;" ~~they~~ they were a merry set, and we "shall not look upon their like again."

Thinking over such reminiscences suggested the idea of casting them into rhyme, and I produced my "Auld Bow Brig," which was more favourably received than I could have anticipated. Encouraged by this, I have added something characteristic, from time to time, which, if I may believe what I have heard, has been equally well received.

And now, kind reader, without making an imperfect education, limited opportunities, or the more hackneyed excuse of numerous solicitations to publish, an apology for intruding myself upon your notice, I put my humble Volume into your hands, trusting that, whether you laugh at me or with me, you will grant as lenient a criticism as you can afford.

I remain, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM ANDERSON.



RHYMES, &c.

THE POET'S DAY DREAM.

HE seeks the lonely wildest spots,
Beside the shaded stream,
And there, in fancy's flowery flights,
He revels in his dream ;
While solitary thus he strays
Far from the haunts of men,
His busy thoughts are wandering
O'er Nature's endless train.
He marks the snow-drops opening cup—
The ripening rose's bloom—
The bright warm summer's sunny glow—
The winter's heartless gloom.
He hails the early daisy as
It buds upon the lea—
The foliage of the mighty oak
In all its majesty ;
And, from the cricket on the hearth
To eagle in the sky,
All Nature like a volume is
Unveiled before his eye.

The hill, the vale, the lake, the wood,
And rock with beauties teem—
Each adds a link, and lends its aid
To weave the Poet's Dream.

The matin song of early lark
Falls softly on his ear—
The vesper hymn of thrush at eve
Enraptured he can hear ;
He muses on the golden sun,
The pale moon's silver light,
The glittering dew at dawn of day,
The sparkling stars by night—
The awful bursting thunder-storm,
The softly-falling shower,
The brightly-painted butterfly
That flits from flower to flower.
To him the seasons beauty yield
As they come circling round ;
By him in every changing scene
New pleasures still are found.
What some may deem uncouth and vile,
To him is bright and fair,
And what the world may overlook,
To him is rich and rare.
The placid pool, the raging sea,
The playful rippling stream,
And foaming cascade, lend their aid
To weave the Poet's Dream.

The passions of the human mind,
As they begin to rise,
In beauty or deformity,
Lie open to his eyes ;
The angry burst, the piteous tale,
The admonition mild—
The envious sneer, the heartfelt mirth,
That comes from Nature's child—
The lover's vow, the stern command,
The meekly yielding mind—
The proud pretending vulgar man,
The gentle and refined—
The careless jest, the brooding thought
That often clouds the brow—
The generous mind that round its sphere
Can still a halo throw—
The truly good, the basely vile,
Hypocrisy and cant—
The noble independent man,
The sneaking sycophant—
The vicious passion he deploras,
The virtuous can esteem ;
For good and bad both lend their aid
To weave the Poet's Dream.

From every incident of life,
Instruction he can gain ;
He marks the merry marriage group,
The solemn funeral train,

The guilty culprit at the bar,
The judge grave and austere—
Or what may cause the infant's smile,
Or lonely widow's tear—
The soldier on the battle-field,
The sailor on the deep—
The merchant in his busy hours,
The drunkard in his sleep—
The monarch, and the friendless one
Who begs from door to door—
The stately mansion of the great,
The cottage of the poor—
The hopeless dark despairing look,
The merry-andrew's leer—
The favourite minstrel of the day,
Whom thousands crowd to hear.
The little ills, the happy hours,
Which human nature deem
Of such import—all lend their aid
To weave the Poet's Dream.

THE FALLING LEAF.

BLEAK Winter comes with scowling skies ;
To warmer climes the swallow flies ;
The rose, which lately spread its bloom,
Lies dead and withered in the gloom.

No flower the chilly breezes spare—
They strip the groaning forest bare ;
Here may the Beauty mark with grief
Her doom in every Falling Leaf.

The birds that cheer'd the Summer day
Sit mute upon the leafless spray ;
The bleating flocks that ranged at will
Now seek the shelter of the hill.
But cold although the winter be,
Its rigours are unfelt by me ;
My throbbing heart, oppress'd with grief,
Is fading like the Falling Leaf.

Returning Spring will deck the plain—
The leafless woods will bud again ;
Again the little feather'd throng
Will make them echo with their song.
But wintry blast and genial beam
To me are but a troubled dream ;
The broken heart finds no relief,
But withers like the Falling Leaf.

SCOTLAND IS MY HOME.

I'VE wander'd in the sunny South,
Through countries bright and fair,
But wi' the country o' my youth
They canna ance compare.

Their hills are nae like Scotland's hills,
Their heather's nae the same ;
Their brooks are nae like Scotland's rills—
For Scotland is my hame !

Their lakes may be a deeper blue,
Their mountains mair sublime—
Their flowers may hae a gayer hue,
Their lands a warmer clime ;
But to auld Scotland's woody dales,
Their forests are but tame ;
Their vales are nae like Scotland's vales—
For Scotland is my hame !

Though safter be the maiden's e'e,
An' darker be her hair,
Yet Scotland's maiden is to me
Mair modest and mair fair.
Their wines nae bygone joys renew,
Nor kindle friendship's flame
Like our ain Scotland's mountain dew—
For Scotland is my hame !

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

His dangers are over—his perils are past,
And his requiem hymn is the howl of the blast.
No marble nor monument covers his breast,
Nor green turf nor flower marks the spot of his rest ;

But the whirl of the mew, and the white-crested wave,
Are the symbols that point to the Mariner's Grave.

No wife closed his eyes, and no mother was near
To soothe his last moments, or drop the sad tear—
No sister's affection beheld his last throes—
For the Spirit of Ocean alone saw his woes
As he rode on the storm, from his bottomless cave,
Where coral and shells deck the Mariner's Grave.

He heeds not the thunder—he sees not the flash
Of the lightning's dread glare, or the mountain wave's
clash—

He feels not the heat of the summer sun's ray,
Nor the chill freezing blast of the drear winter day—
The tempest unheeded around him may rave,
They reach not the depths of the Mariner's Grave.

MY NATIVE STREAMS.

I WINNA sing o' war nor wine,
Nor love, though they be peerless themes ;
But o' the fav'rite haunts o' mine,
By Dee an' Don, my native streams.
There I hae sought the lintie's nest,
Or hunted bees upon the braes—
There I hae "stray'd wi' care opprest"—
There I hae lilted cheerfu' lays.

There's nae a crook nor roundaboot,
Frae Poynerhook to Eildon Tree,
Where I've nae catch'd the silver trout,
Upon the winding banks o' Dee.
Ilk hour, I dookit in her tide,
That I frae school or wark could spare ;
There I hae gathered rasps—beside,
I woo'd and won my Nanny there.

There I hae heard, at break o' day,
The blackbird chaunt his early sang—
The mavis, at the gloamin' grey,
Wake slumberin' echoes till they rang.
Fu' aft, in some bit plantin' snug,
Wi' books I've wiled awa the time ;
Or wandered by the auld Craiglug,
An' strung my scraps o' simple rhyme.

But I'll tak leave o' queenly Dee,
And view her modest sister, Don ;
For there the dearest spots to me
Were Kettock's Mill an' Tillydrone.
There, lanely, in the pale moonlight,
Hae I indulged my waukin' dream,
Until the witchin' hour o' night,
Beside her calm, unruffled stream.

Through Seaton Vale uncheck'd I've rang'd,
Where lav'rocks sing an' wild flowers grow ;
But, ah ! the scene is sairly chang'd
From what it was lang years ago.

Through spots where we, 'mang broom an' whin,
Hae harrit nests and howkit bykes,
We daurna gang and canna win
For fences, rails, an' five-feet dykes.

The little path that we hae trod
Sae aft, the wordlin' winna spare—
He filches e'en the ancient road
Our fathers took to kirk an' fair.
Though the usurper be a lord,
My hearty benisons I gie
To ilk bauld son o' Bon-Accord,
Wha wishes still his streamlets free.

NO GRUMBLING.

I LOVE the laugh both light and loud,
And cannot brook a face that lowers ;
Whose brow is like a wintry cloud,
And always threatening storms or showers.
Why should we frown away the hours
That well might make us happy creatures ?
For 'tis a merry world of ours,
And Nature, too, has lovely features !
Who would not love the blithesome song,
With jest and laugh together jumbling ?
They make life's wheels go smooth along—
For there is little use in grumbling !

I envy not the rich nor great—
My little pleasures still I've got ;
No doubt they cost me toil and sweat,
But what of that ?—it was my lot.
At times, perhaps, I own a groat,
But oftener not a *sous* possessing ;
Yet still my name's without a blot,
And, truly, I count that a blessing.
To see my coat and shirt in rags,
May, doubtless, be a little humbling ;
But 'tis the way the world wags—
So there is little use in grumbling !

Of blessings such as sweeten life,
I think I've got an equal share ;
I wished for children and a wife,
And Heaven thought fit to grant my prayer.
When I was young my hopes were fair ;
My future prospects bright were seeming ;
But soon they vanished into air,
And I found out I had been dreaming.
Yet, think not that I felt regret,
To find my air-built fabrics tumbling ;
No ; cheerfully I bowed to fate—
And thought what is the use of grumbling !

Still, I respect the silent tear
That dims the friendless orphan's eye ;
Nor could I laugh when grief sincere
Bursts with the lonely widow's sigh.

Had I the means, I fain would try
Such pains and griefs to be beguiling;
Ere I would hear a person cry—
Troth! I would rather see them smiling.
For, let the wretched but reflect,
Not all their sighs, and tears, and trembling,
Can in this world command respect—
It shuns them who are always grumbling!

THE TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

I SAW a host of spectres gaunt,
Striding triumphant o'er the land;
Grim, pale Disease, and shivering Want,
And Death urged on the grisly band.

They marked the swarthy artisan,
Who had, as yet, been clothed and fed—
They breathed their venom on the man,
And straight he was deprived of bread.

He who had stoutly toiled and braved
The storms of life for many a day,
Now sees the little he had saved
With care, is lessening every day.

Remorseless Want stepped on his floor,
And next Disease his infants pressed
With icy hand; then Death made sure
To strike his fairest and his best.

No rest within—no help without—
Hope from his heart was almost driven,
Till he, in darker hours, would doubt
If there was Mercy still with Heaven.

The partner of his griefs and joys,
With whom for years he had been blessed,
In silence sees, with tearful eyes,
The struggle in his manly breast.

Vice sees the havoc Want has made,
Forbids him on his woes to think—
Around him specious pleasures spread,
Which lure him nearer Ruin's brink.

Although they couple not his name
With actual crime, he looks despair ;
Yet still his heart, alive to shame,
Keeps sparks of virtue smouldering there.

These latent germs burst forth at last—
He wakes as from a troubled dream,
And wishes to forget the past
In one deep draught from Lethe's stream.

At length, the angel Mercy's smile
Bids him to hope—nor hope in vain ;
For, cheerful at his daily toil,
He feels himself a man again !

Ye pampered rich, from Want secure—
So warmly clad, luxurious fed—
Ye know not what the humble poor
Feel when their children cry for bread.

T O A N O A K B E D S T E A D,

ON WHICH IS CARVED THE DATE 1632.

I TRULY would be well content—
Thou art so curious and antique—
To see thy history put in print,
It doubtless would be so romantic.

I think thou would be right well-worth
The Antiquary's sage inspection ;
'Tis like thy study would give birth
To some strange thoughts and grave reflection.

Each post so strong and firmly made,
With moth and "tooth of time" to grapple,
Proves thou hast been the nuptial bed
Of some right-thrifty married couple.

'Tis probable that thou hast changed
Since then, at least, a hundred masters ;
And from the peer to peasant ranged
Upon thy huge and wooden castors.

Strange sights, I doubt not, you have seen,
If I might venture on conjecture ;
And oft at morn and night have been
The pulpit of a curtain lecture.

Upon you some their last have breathed,
While weeping friends have stood around you,
And legacies have been bequeathed
By rich testators who have owned you.

And you have heard the infant's wail,
When coming to this world of trouble,
And seen both age and sickness tell
That life was only but a bubble.

The Bacchanalian oft would creep
To thee with head as light as feather—
Dream of libations in his sleep,
And wake with tongue as hard as leather.

Thou sleepless vigils must have seen,
Of many upon thee extended,
And thou the altar may have been
Whence calm, blessed orisons ascended.

Once on a time who could have told
That thou would cease to be respected,
Or find you at an auction sold,
Among old furniture neglected.

Thou art thought little of by B——,
Who overlooks thy worth and beauty,
Else he would ne'er have knocked thee down
For *three and six*, including *duty*.

A SEARCH FOR CONTENTMENT.

THOUGH I have sought her many a night
Amid the ball-room's glare,
She, like a shadow, fled my sight—
I could not find her there.

I sought her where the circling cup
Made mirth and wit shine rare,
Still, she retreated, step by step—
I ne'er could grasp her there.

I sought her at the gambling board,
Where brows o'er cast with care
Were grouped around the glittering hoard,
But found she ne'er came there.

I found one whom I could have loved,
One who seemed good and fair;
But, woman-like, a jilt she proved—
I could not find her there.

I sought her in a bosom friend,
My joys and griefs to share ;
But he deceived me in the end—
Nor could I find her there.

To solitary wilds I fled,
Where Nature's beauties fair
Far from the city bloom'd and grew—
At length I found her there.

A FORGET THEE NOT.

WHEN the silver moon is peeping
Through the mazes of the brake
And the summer breezes sleeping
On the bosom of the lake ;

When the owl is slowly winging
Through the glade his lonely way,
And the nightingale is singing
On the thorn's sweet-blossom'd spray ;

When the azure vault is gleaming
With ten thousand sparkling gems,
And the Borealis beaming
In the northern sky like flames ;

When the silent glow-worm 's creeping
O'er the verdure-covered bower,
And the sentinel is keeping
His lone watch on the tower ;

When the angry sea is dashing
In the silence of the night,
And the *ignus fatuus* flashing
With its dim uncertain light ;

When the flow'rets without number
Drink the night's refreshing dew—
When the world is wrapt in slumber,
Then, my love, I'll think of you !

THE FIVE STAGES.

I SAW him first upon his mother's knee
And never was a fairer, lovelier child ;
The mother looked upon her babe and smiled,
Then felt a secret, heaven-like joy to see
Her lovely boy admired—then to her breast
She clasp'd the cherub, lulling him to rest.

I saw him next a blooming, romping boy,
Hunting the bee in summer's sunny beam,
Or catching minnows in the limpid stream,
His open face suffused with smiles of joy ;

Unstain'd with vice, he spent the live-long day,
In meads and hedge-rows, happiness and play.

I saw him next approaching manhood's stage ;
But, ah ! how changed ! gay fashion had unfurl'd
Her specious flag—while mixing with the world

He learn'd to gibe the poor, to laugh at age,
To sneer at mild religion, and to spurn
His parents' precepts, treating them with scorn.

When next I saw him, sunken was his eye,
And pale his cheek—and eager as he took
The brimming cup—his nerveless hand it shook,
And as he drain'd it I could hear him sigh,
Then learn'd, he met in hours of darkness late
With gamblers, and must brook a gambler's fate.

I saw him after many years had pass'd,
His mind was shrouded—dark to reason's rays,
There in the madhouse passed his wretched days ;
I could not help but weep to see him cast
A look so full of horror and so wild—
Then think I knew him once an angel child.

T H E B R I D E.

A BALLAD.

[The following verses were suggested by reading in the obituary of an American paper of a young woman who accompanied her parents to Boston, and, being about to be married to a young man in that city, fainted during the ceremony, and died the same evening.]

No gem was on her lovely brow,
Nor braided was her hair—
No costly jewels' sparkling show
Was on her bosom fair ;
In robes of purest white array'd,
Her bridemaids by her side,
She was, although no tears she shed,
A broken-hearted bride.

I looked upon her face in vain
For joy—no smile was there,
Though round her was a joyous train
Of youths and maidens fair—
With laugh and song the group came forth,
As to the church they hied ;
She sickened at their festive mirth
Although she was a bride.

Her thoughts were fixed on scenes and times
Which ne'er could be effaced—
The form of one, in other climes,
Upon her soul was traced.

She thought upon the vows she gave
Across the ocean wide ;
And on her former lover's grave,
And when she was a bride.

When at the altar's foot she kneeled
Her cheek was deadly pale ;
And as the sacred tie she sealed
She sighed, she tottered—fell.
Her languid eyes she slowly raised,
And once again she sighed,
Around her for a moment gazed,
And breathed her last—a bride.

WHAT IS MAN?

ON VISITING SIGNOR SARTI'S ANATOMICAL FIGURES.

A SHADOW in the sunny beam—
A bubble on the running stream—
A fragile evanescent flower—
The creature of a passing hour.

A bark upon life's stormy wave—
A morsel for the yawning grave—
The constant sport of hopes and fears—
A pilgrim in this Vale of Tears.

A breath upon the polished glass—
A morning dew upon the grass—
A misty vapour in the vale—
A feather on the tempest gale.

A creature from his very birth,
Till he returns again to earth ;
Who, changing still, by fate is driven
Until he finds a home in heaven.

But yet, although a feeble spark,
To pain and death a certain mark.
Though here he finds no firm abode,
He is “the noblest work of God !”

And wisely hath the Prophet said
That he is strange and fearful made ;
But where can all his knowledge tend
That scarce himself can comprehend ?

TO MY RAZOR.

NÆ wonder though my face I thraw—
Confoun' you gin you'll shave ava—
Wi' twice gaun owre ye've left my jaw
 A' tufts an' naps ;
You're just as rough 's a tenor saw,
 An' fu' o' slaps.

Nae doot ye are a little worn—
Your edge sometimes has touched the horn,
Or men't a pen, or cut a corn,
Or scrapit blot ;
Mair unfair play, I can be sworn,
Ye never got.

I bought ye new in 'forty-three,
An' kept ye clean, as clean could be—
On Bible brod an' Sunday's shee
Ye hae been strappit ;
I canna think how ye can be
Sae blunt an' slappit.

But, losh be here ! what 's this ava—
Nae wunner though the bleed ye draw—
This half-inch slap 's a dreadfu' flaw,
As I'm a sinner ;
You've been, at least this month or twa,
A perfect skinner.

At first I didna need to seek
To use you mair than ance a-week
An' then ye left baith chin an' cheek
Sae smooth an' bare ;
Ye did your wark as clean 's a leek—
Ye'd split a hair.

But ye bring something to my min',
I've heard my granny tell langsyne—

There's folk in health will be right kin'
An' unco meek,
Wha baith their tune and temper tine
When they grow sick.

To mak pretensions wad be daft,
To be acquaint wi' cutler's craft ;
Your temper may be hard or saft,
Tho' on the blade
Is *warranted*, an' on the haft
Is gowd inlaid.

There's ae plain truth that winna fail—
My face is ony thing but pale,
An' i' the street, I may gae bail,
There will be gazers ;
I doot ye hae been made for sale,
Like Pindar's razors.

But, to conclude, ahint this day,
Nae mair ye'se get my face to flay ;
Nor yet my chin an' cheeks this way
Wi' cuts t' adorn ;
I'se hae you sent, cost what it may,
To COURTTS the morn.

THE LANELY WIDOW.

THE lang winter nicht she sits dowie an' lane,
An' she croons an' she thinks on the days that are gane ;
She wearies o' spinnin', an' sets by her wheel—
For she 's feckless an' frail, an' she 's nae verra weel.

Through her auld broken window is driving the snaw,
An' her wee spunk o' fire scarcely warms her ava'—
She looks, wi' the tear in her e'e, through the room,
An' sighs as she sees ilka settle is toom.

There sat her guidman, wha is gane to his *rest*—
An' there sat her Jamie, her auldest an' best—
An' there sat her Jocky—an' there sat her Jane ;
But now they hae gane, and hae left her alane.

Her Jamie 's a sodger, an' far far awa'—
O' Jock, wha 's a sailor, she kens nocht ava'—
An' Jeanie to help her, nae doot wad be fain,
But Jeanie has bairnies an' cares o' her ain.

Then she thinks on the time when her rooftree has rung,
On a blythe Hallowe'en, when her bairnies were young ;
When a weel-plenished girnall, wi' twa 'r three to share't,
Keepit could frae the biggin', an' care frae the heart.

Oh ! few are the comforts o' poortith an' eild—
When thin is the claithin' an' cauld is the beild—
Unkent by the great, an' unseen by the gay,
Wha pass by the door o' the runkl'd and gray.

Yet, thinkna that hope frae her bosom is gane,
Though thus she is friendless, forsaken, an' lane ;
For ae comfort is left her that lessens her care—
She can still trust in Him wha will answer her prayer.

MEET ME MARION.

AIR—"The Hawthorn."

O THOU art fairer, Marion,
Than ony lass I see ;
For grace is in thy faultless form,
An' love smiles in your e'e ;
And ye shall get a faithful heart—
I hae nae mair to gie ;
Then meet me, bonny Marion,
Upon the banks o' Dee.

My heart has lang been leal an' true ;
For, Marion, ye can tell
It wasna gowd that won my heart,
I lo'ed ye for yoursel'.

And, whether sleeping or awake,
My thochts are still wi' thee ;
Then meet me, bonny Marion,
Upon the banks o' Dee.

When simmer clothes the trees wi' leaves,
An' birds begin to sing,
Then we will seek the bosky braes,
To see the cowlslips spring ;
We'll wander roun' the flowery vale,
Where stands our trysting tree ;
Then meet me, bonny Marion,
Upon the banks o' Dee.

Though far frae rich, I'll be content
Wi' what kin' Heaven will send,
If it should be my lot wi' thee,
Through life my days to spend.
I wadna envy king, nor lord,
Nor man o' high degree ;
Then meet me, bonny Marion,
Upon the banks o' Dee.

SONG OF THE ZEPHYR.

FROM the balmy west I come,
Where the valley is my home—
Over land and seas I roam,
 Spreading mirth.
My breath I mildly blow,
And unchain the ice and snow,
While I shed a genial glow
 O'er the earth.

I the woods and forests cheer
Which were leafless, bleak, and drear—
Then I bid the clouds appear,
 Bringing rain—
Then abroad their leaves they fling,
And the lands with gladness ring,
When I whisper it is Spring
 Come again.

In the bright and sunny hours,
'Midst the fairy sylvan bowers,
I love among the flowers
 Still to dwell.
I sovereign powers assume,
Where the rose and lily bloom,
Diffusing their perfume
 On the gale.

No rippling waves I make
On the river or the lake,
Where the Naiades pleasure take
On their breast.

There the tree inverted lies
And the cloudlet in the skies ;
Even Echo, with her sighs,
Is at rest.

When the Poet's fancy teems
With a thousand airy dreams,
By the valley, woods, and streams,
I am there.

And playfully I seek
To kiss the maiden's cheek,
Be she thoughtful or meek,
Brown or fair.

When the waves in fury leap
On the bosom of the deep,
I hush the storm to sleep,
And I mark—
Though the brisk Levantine gale,
To bear her onward fail,
I gently fill the sail
Of the bark.

When Autumn's withering breath
Sweeps whistling through the heath,
To my favourites bringing death
On its wing ;

When Boreas wildly raves
O'er their desolated graves,
I retire into my caves
Till the Spring.

REVERIE IN A CHURCHYARD.

HERE meet the rich man and the poor at last,
Distinction lost, whate'er their rank or stations.
Here lie the ruins of some centuries past—
The rubbish of some fifty generations.

Humility and pride together rest—
The simple ignorant and learned genius ;
While youth and beauty sleep on age's breast,
One mass of crumbling matter heterogenous.

No cares nor cankering sorrows can perplex
The tenants of these mounds when once borne hither ;
Their sinews, flesh, and bones, together mix,
And lie in peace and unity together.

No neighbours with their fellow-neighbours strive—
No envy here, no rivalry nor railings ;
Whate'er their ruling passions when alive,
They cannot come within these peaceful dwellings.

But we are told that rise again they must,
When the last trump shall sound the resurrection ;
Nor shall there be a single atom lost—
Nor shall they have a single imperfection.

How strange—how very wonderful is faith !
That sees beyond the gloom that lies before us ;
It cheers the wretch in pain, disease, and death,
And opens up a prospect bright and glorious !

THE THREE SIMILES.

How sweet is the morn as it breaks with a smile,
And the wild flowers perfuming the air !
'Tis sweet to the peasant, enliv'ning his toil ;
'Tis sweet to the weary, their pains to beguile ;
But sweeter by far is the radiant smile
That beams in the eyes of the fair.

How sweet to the traveller, when noon draweth near,
Or the desert all parched and bare,
Is the soft-falling shower that his spirits will cheer,
As languid he wanders a region so drear !
But sweeter by far is the glistening tear
That shines in the eyes of the fair.

How sweet is the eve with its red hazy flush—

'Tis the season to banish our care—

Where the streamlet is heard with its murmuring gush,

And the serenade hymn of the amorous thrush ;

But sweeter by far is the mantling blush

That sits on the cheek of the fair !

A smile, tear, and blush, all have beauties we find ;

But what in this world can compare

To the pleasure 't would give to a sensitive mind,

A bright tear to see, with a deep blush combin'd,

And a sweet winning smile, peeping through from behind,

All at once on the face of the fair !

OFFERING TO LIZZY LIBERTY.

“ Bonny Lizzy Liberty, there's owre mony wooin' at her.”—SKINNER.

I COME wi' neither gowd nor lan'

To steal your heart awa,

Nor, wi' a promise, tak your han',

That we shall aye gae braw.

I canna boast an ancient line,

Nor o' my kin be vain ;

I offer you this heart o' mine,

Which shall be still your ain.

Nae trophies to your matchless charms
I bring to spread your fame—
Nae doughty deeds in war, with arms,
Hae ever grac'd my name.
Nae talents rich in lear or art
I plead your love to gain ;
I offer you this hand an' heart,
Which shall be still your ain.

Nae pompous fool in me shall own
A servile creature vile,
I couldna cower beneath his frown,
Nor bend to court his smile.
Nor envy wi' his venom'd dart
My name shall ever stain ;
I offer you a faithful heart,
Which shall be still your ain.

I reckon nae o' the fool's applause,
Nor wish his favour mine ;
I carena for his sneers, because
A humble lot is mine.
For you an' me shall never part,
In pleasure nor in pain ;
I offer you a changeless heart,
Which shall be still your ain.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, my flock ! my plaid farewell—
Farewell, each fav'rite spot !
Farewell, ye green and peaceful vale !
Where stands my humble cot.

And fare-ye-well, my Marion dear—
A long farewell to thee !
Wipe from thine eye that gath'ring tear,
And weep no more for me.

May Heaven protect thy angel form,
And guard thee as its own !
Oh ! may misfortune's bitter storm
Upon thee never frown !

Though grief now fills that breast of thine,
We better days shall see ;
I'll yet return, and make the mine,
And share these days with thee.

But silent why thus dost thou muse ?
Why is thy cheek so pale ?
Why does thy trembling lips refuse
To give a last farewell ?

Hark !—the gathering bugles blow—
I now must part with thee ;
One last embrace—one kiss—adieu !
Farewell !—remember me !

Upon the ground the maiden gaz'd,
Absorbed in silent grief ;
Her eyes at length she slowly raised—
Tears brought her some relief.

And now she saw a gallant band
Ride bravely o'er the lea ;
She said, and waved her lily hand,
I will remember thee !

C H I L D H O O D.

How happy was our infant years,
Then all was bright and fair ;
No vexing thoughts, no groundless fear—
For future years no care.
More blue then seemed the summer sky
More bright the trees and flowers ;
And, as they slipped unheeded by,
More sunny seemed the hours.

It seemed to us, when we were young,
More clear were stream and lake ;
More sweet the lark and linnet sung,
More green were wood and brake.
Our tongue a simple language spoke,
More innocent our play ;
And, when the Sabbath morning broke,
It seemed a holier day.

More solemn peal'd the old church-bell ;
The praises seemed, when there,
More sweet, as on the ear they fell ;
And more devout the prayer.
Ambition seemed but known in name,
To simple village hinds,
Who sought no other road to fame
But what true honour finds.

Well may we own the blush of shame
To feel ourselves estranged
From Nature, who is still the same—
'Tis we alone are changed.
Pursuing still with headlong pace,
We strive, with toil and care,
To win the hollow, heartless race,
And Mammon's gifts to share.

That gained, we make the empty boast
How eager we have run ;
Then find—the substance we have lost,
The shadow only won.

But in the radiant smile which beams
Upon the infant's face,
And in the joy of childhood's dreams,
What happiness we trace.

THE LADDER OF LIFE.

To every man Nature material lends
For making the ladder of life—
Some make it themselves—some assisted by friends—
And some get it made by their wife.
There are ladders too clumsy, too short, or too tall—
Others stand insecure on their feet ;
And others, so weak, give their owners a fall—
Some from bottom to top are complete.
Suppose independence we placed at the top,
How few would be pleased at the bottom to stop ;
But would everything venture, through bustle and strife
To climb step by step up the ladder of life.

Sufficient or not, when a ladder is made,
The owner looks where it may stand—
Some plant it on gambling, and some upon trade,
And others on sea and on land.
There are some men get up with much sweating and pain,
While some men's exertions are weak ;
While others before they the summit can gain,
Make ladders which totter or break.

A man who is married, and wants to ascend,
Must prudence with rigid economy blend—
And should it not firmly be held by his wife
He never will mount up the ladder of life.

A true satisfaction, you surely must own,
The man feels who nobly has braved
Every danger ascending, and sees, looking down,
On each "round" *honest dealing* engraved,
Such ladders as his must be fashioned in youth—
The steps uniform and secure—
The frame must be honour, its base must be truth,
It must lean upon rectitude sure.
For, let this on the mind of the youth be impressed,
Should a man of a ladder like this be possessed,
He may soon gain the top, without bustle or strife,
For such is the only true ladder of life.

THE FOURTH DAY O' JUNE LANGSYNE.

YE'LL min' sic a bustle there was i' the toun,
I' the time o' the war, on the fourth day o' June ?
Chairs, tables, and cradles were ilkawhere sittin',
An' baith young an' auld were engaged i' the flittin'.
Ilka street had its bonfire o' whins or o' trees,
An' bairns seeking bawbees to keep up the bleeze,
While the crackin' frae white-iron guns roun' an roun'
Gar't a' thing look brisk on the fourth day o' June.

Wattie Leith at the Bows,* i' the mornin' wad ca',
An' mak proclamation that it was a law,
Whaever was faund wi' a pistol or gun,
Or settin' aff fireworks, should pay for their fun.
But, troth, it was nonsense sic orders to tell,
As lang 's Hoggie Geordie had powder to sell ;
Ilka minute, frae closes, there was a reboun',
Gar't the auld wivies shak on the fourth day o' June.

At twal, to the Chaumer the Magistrates cam',
Whare they met wi' the Guild, an' they a' got a dram
Wi' something beside that they liket as weel ; †
Then the sodgers they fir't, an' the bells rung a peal.
The Sillerton louns, in a column sae close,
Wi' their leader, sang " God save the King" at the Cross ;
Then we gaed a hurra gar't the welkin resoun'—
Sae loyal were we on the fourth day o' June.

I' the edge o' the gloamin', some hunners wad meet
At the tap o' the Broadgate, and block up the street,
An' pass aff the time till the evening grew dark,
Flingin' crackers at ither, or some siclike wark.
Simon Grant would be present, o'erlookin' the splore,
Lest some o' the nickums should gang owre the score ;

* The four Bows or Ports of Aberdeen were the following places—the Bow Bridge, the Justice Port, the Gallowgate Head, and Woolmanhill.

† It has been said that, in these days, Parten Claws were to the Magistrates of Aberdeen what Turtle Soup is to a London Alderman.

An' whiles he wad nab some wild, ill-tricket loun,
Wha gat ae nicht in jail on the fourth day o' June.

But loud was the shoutin', an' gran' was the sicht,
When the bonfires were made on the Plainstones at nicht ;
Then squibs, Roman caunels, an' skyrockets flew,
Wi' blue lows, an' firewheels, an' crackers, like stew.
There, mony a pistol an' cannon wad roar,
That hadna been seen for a towmond afore ;
Frae Towbooth to Bank wad the echoes reboun',
Ye may think there was fun on the fourth day o' June !

Robbie Troup aye was certain to mak a display
O' boxes, an' bowies, an' kegs through the day,
Whilk we took to the bonfire, an' mony a ane said,
For sic orra trash he took care to be paid,
Then next we took barrows an' palin's and crates,
For we fear't nae the "Specials," nor car't for their threats ;
Nae Bulkie nor Watchman there was i' the toun,
Sae we did as we chose on the fourth day o' June.

When the boxes, an' barrows, an' palin's were brunt,
An' a kin' o' timmer, and sticks that wad lunt,
Doun Marischal Street fast wad gang twa or three score,
To bring up a coble or boat frae the Shore.
When they were consum'd then the crowd was seen
flockin'
To certain men's houses, whose windows were broken ;
Their splores wi' a feat sic as this they wad croun,
An' ended the fun on the fourth day o' June.

A FAMILY BREACH.

“ She never told her love,
But let the worm feed on her damask cheek.”

SHAKSPERE.

SHE was the gayest of the throng
That met at Christmas round the hearth ;
For her's was still the lightest song,
And her's was still the loudest mirth.

Her smile was like a sunny beam
That all around refulgence shed ;
Her face was like an angel dream
That often haunts the orphan's bed.

And she beneath a summer sky
Seemed like a rosebud freshly blown ;
For tears had never dimmed her eye,
Nor grief nor care her bosom known.

Months passed and summer broke the spell ;
She seldom sung and never smiled—
Her wasted form and cheek might tell
That she no more was Nature's child.

Alone seclusion she would seek,
And stray o'er fields and forests wide ;
And oft was seen upon her cheek
The trace of tears she tried to hide.

No more her laugh the silence broke,
A weight her spirits seemed to crush ;
When of a much-loved name they spoke,
Then she would slightly start and blush.

When urged her secret to reveal,
Or asked why she no more was gay,
Then down her cheek a tear would steal,
And with a sigh she'd turn away.

Months passed, and autumn's withering winds
Had strewed with leaves the field and road ;
But half-closed were her window blinds,
And she no more was seen abroad.

Again they met around the hearth,
As wont, their Christmas cheer to share ;
But there was neither song nor mirth—
The much-loved one was missing there.

Ere yet December's wintry breath
Had clad with snow the field and grove,
This angel closed her eyes in death—
A blighted flower—nor told her love.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THERE'S a love upon earth—and there is not another,
That never can die—'tis the love of a mother.
Though friends and relations forgetful may prove,
Yet absence and time only strengthens her love.
From the moment her infants have drawn the first
 breath,
To the time that she closes her eyelids in death,
In joy, or in sorrow, whate'er is their lot—
In sickness or health, they are never forgot.
Wife, husband, and father, or sister and brother,
May love—but they never can love like a mother.

If the world as outcasts her offspring should deem,
They have virtues to *her* every fault can redeem ;
She will brave all its scorn, and use in her need
A language that only a mother can plead.
Though all should renounce them, for them she would
 live,
Alone she will stand to forget and forgive—
Are they virtuous ? then she in their happiness shares—
Are they crime-stained ? they still have the aid of her
 prayers ;
Ingratitude even itself cannot smother
The heaven-born love in the breast of a mother.

Untiring she smooths down their pillow in sickness,
And still watches o'er them with patience and meekness—
No murmur she utters—no sleep shuts her eyes,
And her hand both their food and their medicine supplies.

If the tenderest care fail her idols to save,
Then, weeping, alone she is found at their grave :
From the objects of all her solicitude riven
Her silent request is to join them in heaven.
Then think ye that love can be found in another
So ardent as glows in the heart of a mother.

THE HEATHER BELL.

ALTHOUGH the lands where grows the vine
May smile 'neath milder skies ;
Be Scotia's heathy mountains mine—
They're fairer to my eyes.
Her rugged steeps and silver lakes,
Each rock and dingly dell ;
Give me—give me the land o' cakes,
Where blooms the heather bell.

Though gayer birds, of sweeter song,
O'er brighter lands may float,
To Scotia's wilds and woods belong
The thrush with mellow note ;

The eagle's scream which echo wakes
In glen and silent vale ;
Give me—give me the land o' cakes,
Where blooms the heather bell.

Though where the Ganges' waters gleam,
The lotus flower we see—
The daisy by my native stream
Hath dearer charms for me.
The broom which every valley decks,
For me still bears a spell ;
Give me—give me the land o' cakes,
Where blooms the heather bell.

Though lofty domes and mansions rise
On India's burning strand,
And gilded turrets kiss the skies
O'er all that wondrous land.
The hamlet hid among the brakes,
Where I was wont to dwell,
Give me—give me the land o' cakes,
Where grows the heather bell.

TO AN OLD SWORD.

WHERE is the sheath that shielded thee
When thou wert clear and bright ?
And where the hand that wielded thee
When in the hostile fight ?

Unrusted, when thy edge was keen,
And in thy pristine pride,
Thy look bespeaks thee to have been
Some gallant soldier's bride.

Was it on Scotia's sterile soil,
Or Albion's fertile land,
Thou clash'd amid the warring broil
A noble, trusty brand ?

Didst thou at Chevy's bloody Chase
Attend a Percy's cry ;
Or, with a Douglas, didst thou grace
A clansman's kilted thigh ?

When England's rival roses bled,
On Bosworth's fatal field,
Didst thou the crooked tyrant aid,
Or help to Henry yield ?

Or, was a holier duty thine,
Where lower'd a pagan gloom,
To bear the cross to Palestine,
Or guard the holy tomb ?

Would thou couldst tell me, rusty blade,
Although the wish is vain,
How many widows thou hast made,
How many fathers slain ?

How many brothers fell beneath
Thy deadly, murderous stroke ;
How many lovers ceased to breathe,
How many hearts were broke ?

But all conjectures now are vain,
To me thy history 's lost ;
I ne'er shall know what monarch's reign
Could of thy actions boast.

Perhaps in old Monkbarns'* store
For centuries thou hast hung,
And never drank of human gore,
Or on a helmet rung.

NAE MAIR AGAIN WE'LL MEET.

AIR—" Oh, why left I my hame ?

NAE mair again we'll meet,
At gloamin's dusky hour,
For I hae felt a pang
That death can only cure.
And ye hae wrung a heart
That your's would ever been,
But I lo'e ye still the same,
Though ye beguil'd me Jean.

* Sir Walter Scott's " Antiquary."

The lintie and the thrush
Sing sweetly frae the tree,
Wi' lav'rocks in the sky,
But they sing nae song for me.
For my throbbin' head is sair,
And my heart is cauld as stane ;
A' my waes will soon be o'er,
Yet I forgie ye, Jean.

I think upon the time
I met ye in the grove ;
Ye sweetly smiled on me
As I told ye tales o' love.
I thought ye ne'er would change
While the mountain pine grew green,
For ye vowed ye would be mine,
But ye deceived me Jean.

Let mem'ry claim a tear,
If in your bosom fair
Ae spark o' former love
For me still lingers there,
When my spirit shall hae passed,
And when death has clos'd my e'en,
Will ye look upon my grave ?—
Or think upon me, Jean ?

THE DECEPTION.

How could you bid me pledge my faith,
And make me swear to you,
That faithful I would be till death,
Yet be yourself untrue ?

Why kiss me when we come to part—
Why weep at my adieu ;
And make me think I had your heart,
And yet could prove untrue ?

Ah, fair deceiver ! thou wert false,
And well my fondness knew ;
It was in Reason's absence, else
I'd known you were untrue.

But Reason has resumed her seat—
No more I'll prostrate sue ;
For you my heart has ceased to beat,
Since you have proved untrue.

THE BACHELOR'S ROOM.

A BACHELOR'S room is a *sanctum sanctorum*

Where never is heard matrimonial strife ;
And I cannot conceive why the women abhor him
Who leads such a quiet and retired sort of life.
'Tis very well known that his hours are so proper—
And a bachelor seldom is known as a toper—
Yet there is not a woman will dare to presume
To enter the door of a bachelor's room.

Though they will not walk in they most likely would
know

What can be in dens of the celibate tribe—
Well, ladies, this way (as the man in the show
Cries out when he 's going his beasts to describe)—
But a word—I the strictest decorum expect,
Whatever you see, no remarks, recollect—
As you promise me this, I my subject resume
And take a survey of the bachelor's room.

On his mantel-piece stands a few inches of candle,
A snuff-box, or pipe, or the ends of cigars ;
The blade of a knife, likely minus the handle ;
In the window for flowers are two marmalade jars.

The blind of his window aslant hanging down,
Once white as the snow, is a delicate brown ;
And, howe'er bright the day, there is always a gloom
So cheerless pervading the bachelor's room.

To describe his bureau will be more than I'm able—
Books and magazines prove him a man of research—
But with dust they, as well as his chairs and his table,
Look just like the pews of a thinly-filled church.
Then his mirror, how hazy and dull !—you might trace
Your name and your number in full on its face.
From his half-open drawers comes a strange-like perfume
That can only be found in the bachelor's room.

All covered with rust are tongs, shovel, and poker ;
No black lead the fender for years can have seen—
The walls and the roof are as yellow as ochre ;
And you cannot expect that the floor should be clean.
There hang o'er the fire a few dingy cartoons.
From the corners suspended are cobweb festoons—
A freedom the arrogant spiders assume,
No other will take in the bachelor's room.

Hats, napkins, and brace buttons, lie here and there ;
And the ashes reach out from chimney to floor ;
Boots and shoes, that would puzzle a person to pair ;
And strange odds and ends from the window to door.
Then, his bed !—O, ye Venuses ! mark what a litter—
You need not blush so and set up such a titter—
For, had I the power, I would make it your doom
To set everything right in the bachelor's room.

You would think that a man, who could lead such a life,
Had a heart made of icicles—passions of snow ;
But 't is not that the fellow objects to a wife,
He dreads the expense of the children, you know.
For, ladies, believe me, 't were easy to prove
That a bachelor almost is always in love—
See how soon he will wither, how quickly consume—
Ah ! many a sigh 's in the bachelor's room.

But, ladies, should he pop the question, I reckon
You'd have him, no doubt, were the truth to be told ;
Were it only in pity, lest he be forsaken,
Now that he is getting both helpless and old.
For he has what you love, I mean great lots of cash—
Come, come, do not flout and exclaim it is trash—
For with *that* and a man fifty-five, I presume
You would soon be at home in the bachelor's room.

And every thing then would be kept in such order—
No dust upon tables or chairs we would see—
And dear Mrs. So-and-so sewing a border,
Or dandling a sweet little babe on her knee.
And she does it so nicely, to be a beginner—
Her husband he smiles coming in to his dinner,
To see both his rose and his rosebud in bloom,
And declares it no more is a bachelor's room.

THE SOLDIER'S WAIL.

SINCE time, rolling on with its changes and sorrows,
Has covered my head with a mantle of snow,
And care on my cheek has imprinted its furrows,
A tear on the scenes of my youth I'll bestow.
No more do I meet, when the spring is returning,
My Helen at eve, as in days that are gone,
Nor hear the sweet voice with the lark in the morning,
In yon woody bower by the banks of the Don.

The night that we parted, the trees were in blossom,
All nature was hushed, save the stream's distant roar.
She said, with a sigh, as she hung on my bosom,
We part ; but I fear I will meet you no more.
At midnight, I'll rise from my soft downy pillow,
And, sighing, forlorn I'll wander alone,
Or sit at the foot of this lonely green willow,
And think upon you on the banks of the Don.

But go, dearest Henry ! may Heaven watch o'er you,
And yet bring you back to your green native vale ;
For honour with laurels entwined are before you ;
And thrice she repeated a boding farewell.

The moon at this moment the fir tree o'ertopping,
 A tear on her cheek in the feeble ray shone ;
 I kissed off the glitt'ring gem as 't was dropping,
 And bade her adieu on the banks of the Don.

'T was my country that called me. I went to avenge her,
 And humble a tyrant that wallowed in blood.
 Though long from my dearest I wandered a stranger,
 Yet thoughts of my Helen would often intrude.
 No comfort she knew from the moment we parted,
 Her cheek grew like marble, her heart cold as stone,
 Till, pensive, she sunk to the grave broken-hearted,
 The loveliest flower on the banks of the Don.

T O M—— R——.

AIR—"Roy's Wife."

MARY sings baith sweet and clearly—
 She has lo'ed me lang sincerely—
 Fairer face or fonder heart
 I ne'er could meet or lo'e sae dearly.

Her charming voice, her warbling notes
 Inspire the heart in ilka measure ;
 The sang that swells the lintie's throat
 Can never gie me half sic pleasure.

Her face unfolds health's purest glow,
 Her lips the rosebud's opening blossom,
 And whiter than the mountain snow
 Is lovely Mary's guileless bosom.

I see, whene'er my Mary smiles,
 Upon her cheek a dimple bonny ;
 And, careless o' its winning wiles,
 She steals and wounds the hearts o' mony.

I see her at the dawnin' gray
 Trip owre the knowe as licht 's a fairy,
 Then, at the dewy close o' day,
 At Carden's howe I meet my Mary.

For, she sings sae sweet and clearly—
 And she loe's me sae sincerely—
 Fairer face or fonder heart
 I ne'er could find or lo'e sae dearly.

T O A D A I S Y,

GROWING ON A HUMBLE GRAVE IN THE SPITTAL BURYING-GROUND.

Was it a child or parent's hand
 That planted thee, sweet flow'ret, here ?
 Tombs of the great !—can ye command
 A proof of sorrow more sincere ?

Perhaps the widow placed thee here,
A simple mark to feed her grief,
Where oft she drops the silent tear
That gives her bursting heart relief.

Or might it be ?—Oh, yes ! it might—
Although we judge the world severe—
Perhaps you are the beacon light
Which guides the foot of friendship here !
Perhaps you are some lover's care,
Who placed thee here to bloom and grow,
Who, when he views thy blossoms fair,
Thinks upon her who sleeps below !

But whether child's or parent's hand—
Wife, friend, or lover's—placed thee here ;
The sculptured urn cannot command
One tear of sorrow more sincere.
May no rude hand, sweet flower ! presume
To rashly pluck, but rather spare
Thee, unmolested, long to bloom—
The mourner's fair remembrancer !

W O M A N—W H A T I S S H E ?

W O M A N is the fairest creature
E'er came from her Maker's hand ;
But a problem in her nature
Man can never understand.

She it is who keeps the portals
Lead to wretchedness or bliss ;
Pity she should rank with mortals,
Yet possess such power as this.

If beloved, her love ne'er changes
Till she draws her latest breath ;
But, if spurned, her dire revenge is
Dark as hell and strong as death.

Still she bears a charm about her—
Thus though passion leads her on,
Man could never do without her,
For he could not live alone.

True, the bachelors are creatures
May resist her power awhile ;
But are Nature's misformed features,
Scarce worth woman's frown or smile ?

Whatsoe'er his grade or station,
Without woman, man would feel
Life a blank upon creation,
For she cheers in woe or weal.

It is she that prompts to duty—
Heroes' breasts with valour fills ;
And, when kindly nursed by beauty,
Sickness loses half its ills.

She 's the pilot whose assistance
Guides our bark o'er life's rude wave ;
First to welome our existence—
Last to shroud us for the grave.

MY FAIRY BRIDE.

THE gems which Flora gaily strews,
In rich profusion, far and wide,
With all their various tints and hues,
And pearléd with the sparkling dews,
But tend to prove how I should love
My beautiful, my Fairy Bride.

She found me a romantic child—
By paths secluded was my guide
To unfrequented spots and wild,

Where many an hour we have beguil'd ;
Thus, while I live, my love I'll give
To Nature—she's my Fairy Bride.

Far up the rugged mountain brow
We meet alone in joy and bliss,
Where yellow gorse and heather grow,
And all the landscape spread below
Is calm, serene ; and there, unseen,
I greet her with an early kiss.

The misty vapours which she flings
Around her head at dawn of day
Her blushes hide ; the winds her wings,
With which she clouds from ocean brings ;
Then gently pours her tears in showers,
Not shed in sorrow but in joy.

I seek her in the silent vale,
When Phœbus gilds with burning ray
The circling wavelets of the well,
As bubbling upwards still they swell,
Then o'er the meads, through grass and reeds,
Its waters murmuring seek their way.

Oft, when the twilight sky receives
Far in perspective hill and tree,
I, rushes, moss, and ivy twine
With holly leaves and eglantine ;
She then with smiles rewards my toils,
And listens to the Muse and me.

There is a beauty and a grace—
A loveliness without compare ;
Though night and darkness hide her face.
Yet still her footsteps I can trace
Amid the gloom, such rich perfume
She scatters on the midnight air.

Entranced among her charms I stand,
Her songs of birds enraptured hear,
I mark her wave her magic wand—
And seasons change on sea and land ;
But calm or storm, her's is a form
That peerless is throughout the year.

In yonder city's crowded street
Few hearts are by affection bound,
And selfish ends and motives meet,
Who in the guise of friendship greet—
But love divine, at Nature's shrine,
Is ever felt and ever found.

C H A R L I E H A Y.

HAE ye heard o' a carle, ca't Charlie Hay,
A cobbler, that liv'd i' the Windmillbrae,
Where his shoppie (lest ony should be at a loss)
Stood down at the bottom o' Donaldson's close ;

Wha min's upon Charlie will surely agree,
Though good at a sole he was sair gien to lee.
To tell a' his feats would tak up a lang day,
Sic a blawin' auld carle was Charlie Hay.

I' the lang winter evenin's, when dark grew the street,
In Charlie's bit howff a' the laddies wad meet—
To hear a' his stories they never wad tire,
As they sat in a burichie roun' his spunk fire,
An' aye noo an' then, just to put him in min'—
His lug he would claw wi' his awl; an' in fine,
He invented sic tales in a comical way—
Sic a teller o' wonders was Charlie Hay.

We wad listen wi' wonder while he wad declare
He had seen Luckie W—— transformed to a hare;
He had tried her wi' lead, an', though nae very rich,
Wi' an auld crookit saxpence he crippled the witch.
At a great Aulton market, he said it was fack,
That ance he had rode on an elephant's back;
An' he took a' the notes o' his life frae the day—
Sic a leeing auld carle was Charlie Hay.

I havena a doot but when Charlie was young
He was full five feet ten, an' baith buirdly and strong;
For aft he wad tell, an' I thocht it nae joke,
He could draw back a plough wi' four owsen in yoke.
Frae Powis' wee briggie he ance threw a steen
An' it struck on the townhouse o' Auld Aberdeen;*

* The distance is nearly a quarter of a mile.

At the sweir-tree he ne'er foun' a match in his day—
Sic a strong auld carle was Charlie Hay.

At playin' the shinnie, or game at the ba',
There was nane in his youth could come near him ava ;
At flingin' the hammer, or puttin' the stane,
Frae Cooter to Tarlan', ye wadna got ane ;
He could throw ony man at a stiff shak-a-fa',
Or, at rinnin' a race, he could distance them a' ;
At a sang or a dance he could mak a display—
Sic a clever auld carle was Charlie Hay.

Comin' hame ance when he at a market had been,
At either Kincardine or Dores, wi' his sheen,
The nicht it was gloomy, an' dark was as pick,
I' the Howburn he chanced to fa' in wi' auld Nick ;
Says Cloots, " Mister Hay, you've been travellin' I see,
Ere we part, ye maun just tak a wrestle wi' me ;"
" Contentit," says Charlie, " I'se gie you some play"—
Sic a bauld auld carle was Charlie Hay.

On theology he could discant like a priest—
Ca'd the Pope baith a vile scarlet whore an' a beast—
If ony dissentit or ventured dispute,
He rattled aff Scripture to settle the doot.
To hae heard him a body wad thocht that sic knowledge
Could hardly been gotten elsewhere than at college ;
On politics he wad hae puzzled a Grey—
Sic a learned auld carle was Charlie Hay.

To lang Geordie Walker he often wad blaw
He baith was a mason, a gardener, an' a'—
Wi' Jachan an' Boaz as weel versed he had been,
As he was wi' his stool or his ain horn speen.
He had been at a lecture, ae dark winter nicht,
Afore they got up to the brewin' gaslight,
He slippit his foot on a rone i' the brae,
An' crippl'd for life was Charlie Hay.

Though Charlie was clever an' learned an' strong,
He couldna expect he would always be young ;
Sae, like a' ither body, at last he grew auld—
His face it grew runkl'd, his head it grew bald—
For twa or three years he gaed hirplin' aboot,
An' at last the poor body he couldna come out ;
Death—wha he could neither withstan' nor gainsay—
Left few i' the warld like Charlie Hay.

THE THREE LUMS,

A TALE OF SMOKE.

AE blusterin' nicht, nae lang ago,
Aboot the month of March or so,
When lanely wanderin' through the street,
Some strange-like soun's my ears did greet,
Whiles nae unlike the ruff o' drums,
Whiles loud, whiles low—frae three auld lums

That on an ancient biggin' smeeKit,
As if they for a wager reekit ;
Twa were but short, the ither lang,
That carried on this strange-like sang.

The lang ane sowfed, though rude the blast,
Soft as the win' when i' the wast,
Its reek ascending, blue an' fair,
Wi' true aristocratic air ;
The looks it on the ithers bent
Proved that it was the landlord's vent.

Ae short ane made a whidd'rin' din
As loud's the roarin' o' a linn,
Or when the storm its fury spen's
In whirlwind through the rugged glens ;
It growled and roared in sic a fashion,
As showed 't was in a tow'rin' passion.

The third ane calm an' gently smokit,
As if nae soot nor dust could choke it,
Or wished its cause or ends to gain
By only soughin' now an' then,
Whilk sough was like the wave o' trees
When stirred by summer's balmy breeze,
An' seemed to haud it as a rule
To tak all kin's o' weather cool.

Growl, sowf, an' sough, distinct I heard,
Till every soun' became a word,

An' words ye ken are aften smoke—
Sae this three together spoke.

(But I my tale mair plain to render
May mak the trio a' male gender,
An' as I maun distinguish them,
To ilka ane I'll gie a name.
The langest I shall ca' the Laird ;
The ane wha rummled maist the Caird,
Wha wi' some flaw aboot his vent
Had ever been a discontent ;
The ither passionless and shy,
We weel may christen Sandy Pry,
A pawkie chiel, wha seemed to ken
The laws that govern lums an' men.
This a' arranged between oursels,
Proceed we to rehearse their tales.
But keep in min' 't is lums that speak,
An' wi' the bard nae quarrel seek,
Nor anger at a few auld sangs,
For, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*")

THE CAIRD.

Sic awfu' weather neighbour Pry,
Aye frae the north sae cauld an' high,
Frae what we've seen it would appear
Our simmer 's later year by year ;
Gin we may judge by what 's awa,
We'll hae ere lang nae spring ava.

An' then the horrid life I lead
In this confounded neighbourhed,
Frae ony airt the win' can come,
By you and that lang-shankit lum ;
Your reek whiles nearly chokes me dead—
It forms an eddy roun' my head,
Or sometimes sic a savoury scent
O' roast an' stewed an' boil'd ye vent,
While nought my ain peculiar nose
Can boast but common water brose ;
An' Pasch an' Yule can gie in troth
Nae better fare than barefoot broth ;
Though by my crook I canna see
Sic difference 'tween you an' me,
That ye should thus be pampered up,
While I get scarcely bite and sup.
I'm stane and lime as weel as you
An' play my part as leal an' true,
An' only for the accident
O' being built a tiukler's vent,
Micht hae adorned as high a station
As ony lum in a' the nation ;
Yet some years past I'll gie my aith
I hae been sconfished near to death ;
By storm an' smoke I hae been rackit
Until my very can is crackit.

SANDY PRY.

I'm puzzled whiles to ken your meanin',
For ever grumblin' an' compleenin' ;

I fear ye wadna be content
Wi' sic a draught as Rob'slaw vent.
For ance that I hae been repaired
You've been a score, I'll pledge my word,
An' cleaned out baith by sweep and sclater,
Yet seem to be but little better,
Whilk dootless proves that your disease
Ev'n Doctor Silver couldna ease;
Nae double flues wad mak ye pure,
Nor patent win'-guards prove a cure,
While I'd be pleased gin they wad clear
My vent but only ance a year.

THE CAIRD.

I kenna gin ye be a judge
O' a' the causes o' my grudge,
As it is plain that ye belang
To that lickspittle cringin' gang,
Wha wad submissively be smor'd,
Sae that the reek was frae a lord.
A set o' soulless sons o' ——
Wad kiss the hand that maks them wretches,
And either scorn or insult tak,
Yet never think o' speaking back;
But for myself, gin it be merit,
To show an independent spirit,
I'se nae be wranged for want o' speakin',
For they shall get it het an' reekin'.

Look at our Laird now, can ye tell
What better he is than mysel ;
Hark how weel pleased he sowfs a tune,
As it were wastlin' winds o' June.
Deil thank him—see how weel he 's keepit,
And ilka month at least he 's sweepit ;
The coals he burns ye may depend
Are double-screened an' best Wallsend,
While lums like me maun still consume
Gas cinders, *scates*, or smiddy coom,
Sawdust, or bark, or, what is worse,
Wat sticks, eneuch to choke a horse.
To such insults lums maun submit,
An' a' because they canna flit ;
But as wi' us, you'll keep in min',
'Tis wi' the poor among mankin'.
There's our guidman, wha leeves below,
Than whom few can such spirit show,
In still resistin' o' oppression,
Though but a tinkler to profession ;
Stanch as a Hofer or a Tell,
He is a patriot like mysel',
An honest, freedom-loving chiel,
Wha keenly kens what 's what fu' weel.

He sits at nicht an' reads the news,
An' tells how lairds our laws abuse,
Descants on placemen and on pensions,
Unmaskin' statesmen's dark intentions,

Wha heap sic burdens on the poor
Beyond what nature can endure,
Yet hae a knack that never fails
O' making laws to suit themsels.

There 's nae a meeting or debate
Conneckit wi' the Kirk or State,
Or new improvement i' the toun,
That 's called or held the hale year roun',
But he attends—an', duly there,
Is asked up to the stage or chair,
Where he in language can express,
Like Cæsar or Demosthenes,
The cause which brocht them a' thegither,
Richt plain to a reforming brither,
Or like a Cicero declaim
Against a' wealth an' rank an' fame
Till ——, and sweeps, and keelies praise,
An' louns an' lasses raise hurras,
For though they canna understan'
His meanin'—yet his words are gran'.

SANDY PRY.

Tak sic a patriotic chiel,
I carena wha, however weel
He boasts o' freedom, since endowed,
I'll buy him wi' a piece o' gowd ;
For a' your flash stage-coach declaimers
I haud as only base defamers,

Wha wad but back you for a blink,
Then sell you for a blab o' drink.

THE CAIRD.

Your statement is as "false as hell,"
Our laird shall never gag mysel.
E'er I submit to sic-like laws
I'll be a martyr to the cause,
And roar against the growin' ill
Till something rise to cure or kill.
And, I wad just suggest a question,
That weel deserves a grave digestion,
Wha maist deserves the taunt an' jibe,
The man who taks or gies a bribe,
He wha wi' frien' an' cash at will
Has nae temptation to the ill,
Or he, wha unco scant o' baith,
When tempit yields, however laith?

SANDY PRY.

We are but lums—but then, ye ken,
Ye hae allowed 't is sae wi' men,
Though whiles we're vexed wi' ither smoke,
We're nae waur aff than ither fowk.
For men an' lums are queer-like jokers,
An' ever were an' will be smokers.
Believe me, smokin' has been common
Since first the serpent smokit woman;
For kings an' statesmen smoke the nation,
An' sessions smoke for fornication.

The lawyer smokes with brandished quill,
The doctor smokes with gilded pill,
The parson smokes with tithed pig,
The judge with ermined robe an' wig.
The tradesman smokes with profits great,
An' he is smoked with ill-paid debt;
He smokes his creditors, then braks,
An' i' the pound pays twa-an'-sax.
My uncle smokes wi' ten per cents,
The landlord smokes wi' heavy rents.
The husband drinks an' smokes his wife,
Wha smokes him back again thro' life.
Wi' tawse the parent smokes his child,
Wha smokes his sire wi' actions wild.
The critic smokes the young aspirant,
Wha smokes again the smokin' tyrant.
The miser, avaricious elf,
Smokes till at last he smokes himself.

Some years ago, the black coats met,
To disconnect the Kirk an' State,
An' crush, in this reformin' age,
Their greatest bugbear—patronage.
But then they couldna a' agree—
Some wud be fast an' some be free,
Some wud hae siller, some hae power,
Sae acts an' vetoes flew like stour;
An' monie a stupid word was said,
An' monie a drap o' ink was shed.

Some thocht that they wud circumvent
Wi' plans an' schemes the government,
An' wi' anathemas soon ding it,
An' to their selfish measures bring it.
But *Jamie* gar'd them face about,
An' smokit them like rottens out;
But some, nae doot, wud be richt fain,
Gin they were smokit in again.

There is a chiel that we hae here,
Wha in our College filled a chair;
He turned his coat sae aften roun',
That frae a black he turned it brown;
An', when owre late, found out that he
Was smokit baith by fast an' free,
An' wud be fain, gin free or fast
Wud tak him an' forget the past.
Sae this ye see, howe'er provokin',
The reignin' principle is smokin'.

THE CAIRD.

It is but seldom that ye clatter,
An' troth the seldomer the better;
For when ye speak, it is eneuch
To deave a body wi' your sough.
Meddlin' wi' lums an' men's affairs—
For lums as weel as men hae sairs,
An' dinna like ilk puff an' action
To be the subject o' detraction.

SANDY PRY.

Detraction a' the warld despises,
Yet a' the warld the same practises.
We smoke on ither, an', in faith,
The Laird himsel smokes on us baith ;
An' in revenge we're far frae slack,
We've smokit him until he 's black.
Sae 't is best policy to try
To jowk an' lat the jaw gae by ;
For ye will fin' that, i' the end,
Things at the warst are sure to mend.

THE CAIRD.

Your views an' arguments hae reason,
An' mine, nae doot, may look like treason ;
But ilka ane, whate'er their station,
I haud should still resist oppression.
An', since we canna weel agree
To settle this, 'tween you an' me,
I carena though it be referred,
For arbitration, to the Laird.

SANDY PRY.

Weel, I agree, with this provision,
That ye abide by his decision ;
Though win' an' storm may gar ye rumble,
Nae mair ye 'll deave us wi' your grumble,
But tak whatever weather comes,
In quietness just like ither lums.


Now this arranged on either side,
The Laird was called on to decide,
Wha hosted up a cloud o' reek,
Before that he began to speak,
Which nearly tumbled off his can,
An', lookin' down, he thus began—

THE LAIRD.

I've listened to your lang debate,
An' heard you your opinions state,
An' think that this is just your plicht,
You're baith some wrang an' baith some richt.
Though Sandy Pry maks nae complaint,
Yet his is nae the richt content;
But, dull and gloomy, rather wurks
Like fatalism 'mang the Turks;
He doesna grudge what fate may sen',
Because he thinks it winna men',
When biddin' sneak he wud comply,
An' jouk until the jaw gae by.
Ne'er strivin', wi' a manly pride
An' steadfast front, to stem the tide,
Nor by an effort strong an' brave,
Float buoyantly upon the wave.

The Caird, again, thinks things could men',
Yet naething docs to gain the en',
As if his highest destined flight
Was just to puff wi' a' his might;

An' whidder roun' his chimney can,
Whene'er the tinkler has a flan;
Or if some cause (whose hidden root
Could be traced to himsel nae doot)
Stands in his way, to raise a spree,
An' ca't the rich man's tyranny.
How better far 't wud be to strive
To rise aboon the common hive,
An' workin' his ain reformation,
Instead o' a' the chimney nation,
Assured o' this, that late or soon,
A rich reward his acts wud croun.
And when fell time an' wintry blast
Has sapped his foundstone at last,
An' to the yird his fragments sent,
Mankind wad raise a loud complaint,
An' say, "There lies a noble vent."



It chappit ten—the soun's they stoppit—
I lookit up—the reekin's droppit—
I heard them reddin' out their grates,
Which put a stop to their debates.
I turned awa, an' leuch outricht,
An' bade the three auld lums guid nicht.

TO DESPAIR.

THOU direst demon of the tribe
Of fiends that haunt the human race,
Who spurns the *leech's* healing bribe
When once the bosom you possess.

'Tis thou that tott'ring reason tears—
O'erturns, and then usurps her throne.
By breeding groundless doubts and fears
Thy victim had before unknown.

You fly the man of innate worth,
Who sees and shuns your fatal snare;
For it is guilt that gives you birth—
Then fed by sorrow—nursed by care.

I see you on the murderer's hand,
Who cannot hide that crimson stain;
A phantom starts at thy command,
And racks his giddy, tortur'd brain.

I mark you in the drunkard's cup,
Who tries with wine remorse to drown;
And in the gambler's hurried step,
Whom ruin has made all your own.

The pallid cheek, the hollow eye,
The heavy brow, oppress'd with care,
Th' hysteric laugh, the deep-drawn sigh,
Are all the symptoms of despair.

Yet though the maniac may rave
In thy dark regions long confined,
He that can still the stormy wave
Can also calm the troubled mind.

WHERE I WOULD DIE.

It is sublime and beautiful,
To live upon the deep—
To see your little bounding bark,
Along the billows sweep;
But "when they roar,
Upon this shore,"
No wish have I at sea to die,
Nor yet below its surges sleep.

It is both grand and terrible,
To read in history's page,
Of hostile armies that have met,
And still bold warfare wage;
But when the plain
Is strewed with slain,

There would not I in battle die,
Nor lay my bones where foes engage.

'Tis pleasing and romantic too,
To dream of foreign strands—
Of flowery vales, and snow-capt hills,
“And brooks with golden sands;”
But as I fear
Their deserts drear,
No wish have I from home to die,
Nor be inhumed in distant lands.

'Tis solemn and delightful too,
When friends together meet,
Around the death-bed of a friend,
With consolation sweet;
To mark the tear
And sigh sincere:
'Tis there that I would wish to die,
And sleep where tread my kindred's feet.

E P P I E'S A U M R I E.*

I'LL wad a plack ye dinna ken
There was a thing ca'd Eppie's aumrie;
Weel, gin ye dinna, I'll explain
The queer conceits o' Eppie's aumrie—

* *Anglice*, a large press or cupboard.

But first, I'm thinking, ye'll incline
To ken wha Eppie was—langsyne
She was a neighbour wife o' mine,
An' aughtit this auld-farrant aumrie.

A lock an' key was on the door,
Wi' drawers an' shelves, in Eppie's aumrie;
Filled wi' strange trocks, an ample store—
Wi' meat an' drink in Eppie's aumrie.
There was a fouth that weel micht please
A hungry heart, an' gie it ease,
O' bannocks, cakes, an' Buchan cheese,
An' draps o' drams wis i' the aumrie.

An' mair than that, there was a pose,
I've aften seen in Eppie's aumrie,
O' siller in a silken hose,
Tied wi' a knot, in Eppie's aumrie.
Her envious neighbours thocht her rich,
An' some believed she was a witch,
An' wad hae brunt wi' tar an' pitch
The puir auld body an' her aumrie.

But Eppie was a skeely wife,
An' keepit in her muckle aumrie
Rhubarb and mint, in bunches rife,
An' camomile within her aumrie.
Her owre-crown mutch, sae neat an' clean,
Proved she a canty quine had been,
An' thrifty, too, for ye wad seen
Lang strings o' ingans in her aumrie.

An' auld horse shoe was on the door,
Frae witchcraft to protect the aumrie;
O' spells and charms there was galore,
For pains and toothaches, in the aumrie.
A cappie fu' o' peeble stanes,*
That some time micht hae been the means
O' savin' life an' curin' weans,
Stood in a nook o' Eppie's aumrie.

There was o' bottles twa 'r three score,
An' labelled jars in Eppie's aumrie;
Wi' aloes, pills, an' hellebore,
An' salts an' senna in the aumrie;
There draughts that ane could scarce lat owre,
They were sae bitter or sae sour;
Wi' pipes an' skiters,† three or four,
Were tied to bladders in the aumrie.

* This spell, or inquiring by the stones, was performed in the following manner:—The performer, generally an old woman, proceeded in the twilight, or, as it was called, “betwixt sun and sky,” to some running stream, and gathered from thence three pebble stones of unequal form—one for the head, one for the heart, and one for the body—she proceeded homewards, preserving the strictest silence during the whole time; and, after boiling them a certain time, they were taken out and laid upon the hob, and the one representing that part of the body which gave a hiss, it was there where the disease was. It was performed for sickly or withering children, called in Scotland “shargers.”

† Skiter—a syringe.

A toad an' twisted snake war seen
In crystal vials in the aumrie;
An' leeches, frae the Loch o' Skene,
In earthen pigs, war in the aumrie.
But there war drugs I couldna name,
For curin' blin', an' deaf, an' lame,
An' some I wadna daur for shame
To speak about war in the aumrie.

Some stuffs, they said, would taste your gab,
Wi' Latin names, war in the aumrie;
An' sulphur saws to cure the scab,
Wi' oils an' ointments in the aumrie.
A boxie fu' o' mussel shalls,
An' strange-like gear in lumps and balls,
An' a' the doctors falderalls
Wi' heathen names war in the aumrie.

A pouch that held a lance an' probe,
An' pair o' sheers war in the aumrie;
A baggie fu' o' lint an' pob
To wrap the sairs was in the aumrie.
A crackit jug wi' gander's grease,
Wi' whilk she wad baith rub and squeeze
Strained shouthers, ankles, wrists, an' knees,
Then row wi' duds ta'en frae the aumrie.

The Bible an' the Book o' Fate
Sat cheek by jowl in Eppie's aumrie;
Wi' Burns' an' Boston's Fourfauld State,
An' Sangs an' Saums war in the aumrie;

John Bunyan was among her hoards,
Wi' Bruce and Wallace boun' in boards;
A treatise on Damascus swords
An' tempering steel war in the aumrie.

There was a lot o' triumphery mair
I canna min' on in the aumrie,
That weel nicht gar't a broker stare,
Gin he had chanced to buy the aumrie.
But Eppie lang is dead and gane,
She left a name without a stain;
An' wha it was, I dinna ken,
That heir'd this queer an' antic aumrie.

THE BLOSSOM O' THE PEA.

WILL ye gang, my bonny Mary,
When the sun sinks in the west,
And we'll wander, bonny Mary,
Through the scenes that we lo'e best.
Where the mavis chants his lay,
And the swallow skims the Dee,
And the bee sucks honey dew
Frae the blossom o' the pea.

I will lead you, bonny Mary,
Where the fairest wild flowers grow,
And a chaplet, bonny Mary,
I will make to deck your brow.
And to grace your bosom fair,
I will pu' the rose for thee,
And I'll sing you sangs o' love,
When the blossom 's on the pea.

On the braes, my bonny Mary,
Where the violet and the broom,
Wi' the wild thyme, bonny Mary,
Gie a rich and sweet perfume ;
There the hazel and the birk
Dip their leaflets in the Dee,
And the wanton zephyrs play
O'er the blossom o' the pea.

When the moon, my dearest Mary,
Shines sae bright on Scultie's tower,
In yon bower, my dearest Mary,
We will spend the twilight hour ;
Where the Feugh, frae rock to scaur,
Rushes on to meet the Dee,
And the snaw-white spray is seen
On the blossom o' the pea.

MARY GRAHAME.

WHEN gloamin' gathers on the muir,
And mist comes owre the hill—
When naething wakes the silent night,
But some bit brattlin' rill,
Or ewe that 's bleatin' in the fauld
To wile her lammie hame,
I lanely stray to think on you,
My bonnie Mary Grahame.

When but a bairnie, young and fair,
Upon your mither's knee,
The reddest gowans I wad pu'
And bring them a' to thee;
Then ye wad gie to me a kiss,
And look sae blythe and fain,
I've often thought sinsyne that ye
Some day wad be my ain.

In summer days I carried you
Owre burnie, ditch, and dyke;
I brought ye rashes frae the bog,
And honey frae the byke.

And as ye toddled at my foot,
I watch'd ye mony a day,
Lest ye might tummel i' the burn,
Or fa' out owre the brae.

I brought ye tansies frae the lea,
And cowslips frae the braes ;
The cluster'd hazel frae the glen,
And clam' the banks for slaes.
Wi' flowers I decked ye, and for beads
The hips and rowans strung ;
And then, to wile away the hours,
My simple lays I sung.

I led ye to the greenest howes,
Where grew the bonniest broom ;
I loot ye see the lintie's nest,
And pu'd the hawthorn's bloom.
Frae loch and burn I brought ye trouts,
Blaeberries frae the glade ;
And when the evenin' dew wad fa',
I row'd ye in my plaid.

But now that ye're a woman grown,
Wi' blushes on your cheek,
Ye shun me baith at kirk and fair,
And dinna look nor speak.
Ye surely canna hae forgot
The days that we hae seen ;
For I wad fain be just as dear
To you as I hae been.

At times I hae the hopeless wish,
Thae days could yet come back—
For gin ye look unkin' on me
I doot my heart will brak.
But wad ye gae me ae sweet smile,
Sic as I got langsyne,
I still wad live in hopes that ye
Might aiblins yet be mine.

I've neither farm nor furrow'd lan'—
I've neither horse nor cow,
But I've a heart that's rich in love—
A heart baith leal and true.
And were ye mine, I ne'er wad sigh
For gowd, nor gear, nor fame;
But live in love and sweet content
Wi' thee, dear Mary Grahame.

THE WELL O' SPA.

PLEASE, Aberdonians, ane an' a',
To listen to the Well o' Spa,
Wha wi' your leave wad humbly shaw
A sma' petition,
Now that I'm gane, for guid an' a',
To crockanition.

How happens it, I fain wad speir
That I 'm neglected year by year—
D' ye think the water is less clear
Comes frae my spoot ;
Or is 't because the iron eer*
Is a' run oot ?

You'll fin' I'm neither cheat nor quack
Gin ye wad but the trouble tak ;
There is a book,† twa centuries back,
Ye micht refer to,
Proves I cured ilka ill, for fact,
That " flesh is heir to."

But I hae had a notion lang
The Infirmary fowk gaed me a bang,
An' set my springs, for envy, wrang,
Because they saw
I cured the hail complainin' gang
For nought ava.

They say my sister o' Firhill,
Wha can but common moss distil,
Can sell a hogshead for my gill—
D——l be their cure,
Wha wad prefer a muddy rill
To mineral pure.

* *Anglice*, Ore.

† "Callirhoe; or the Nymph of Aberdene," a pamphlet, printed in the 17th century, enumerating the medicinal qualities of the Well of Spa.

I've seen a core aroun' me sit,
An' drink till they were like to split,
An' crack an' joke as they thought fit—
 Ilk canty body
Wad mak as happy flists o' wit
 As owre their toddy.

But that there 's something wrang is plain,
Nane come to me wi' burnin' brain ;
For, after drinkin' at champagne,
 They gang to bed,
An' on the morn, to ease their pain,
 Drink lemonade.

I dinna doot but ye will min'
They spoke about a railroad line
Gaen by my door, a twalmonth syne ;
 But feint a hair
I care for that, gin ye'll incline
 To gie repair.

Then hearken ye consumptive crew—
Ye wha hae sairs an' ulcers blue—
In general I appeal to you
 Wha grane an' pech—
I'll cure as weel, an' cheaper, too,
 Than Pananich.

Gin ye wad only bring to licht
My fountain head, an' set it richt—

Mak a' my pipes an' channels ticht
 I've an idea
 I'd prove to ilka troubled wight
 A panacea.

I hope ere lang to see the day
 Again you'll mak my stroopie play,
 Then I'll hae naething mair to say,
 But for you a'
 Your poor petitioner will pray—
 The Well o' Spa.

THE FIRHILL WELL.

BY WILLIAM CADENHEAD.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF ABERDEEN.

YE "Aberdonians ane and a',"
 Ye've heard my frien', the Well o' Spa,
 Wi' miony an asthma'd pech and blaw,
 Mak her petition ;
 And fairly own she's dwiin'd awa
 "To crokanition."

For this, of course, I've nae complaint,
 I ken there's nane o's just content,
 When youthfu' strength and vigour's spent,
 Without a grane,
 To hide our heads aneath the bent,
 Unmourned—alane.

But losh ! an envious soul it shaws,
And indicates a desperate cause ;
An empty hankering for applause—
 Low, mean, unmanfu' ;
When ane her exaltation draws
 Frae ithers' downfa'.

Could Well o' Spa no praise her springs,
Her "iron-eers" and sic-like things
(To which wi' desperate grasp she clings,
 Tho' weel its hinted,
For a' the evidence she brings,
 She langsyne tint it).

Could she, I say, no state her case
A hunner times wi' better grace,
Tho' she had ne'er sought to displace
 Another's laurels,
Or crook'd her mou' and thrawn her face
 Wi' envious snarls.

I'm sure the limpid Firhill Well
(Excuse me thus to name mysel')
Could mony a scand'lous story tell
 'Bout Well o' Spa,
Wad gar her lugs ring like a bell,
 To hear them a'.

But I forbear. In a' the toun'
There's neither lad, nor lass, nor loun,

But my superior praise will soun,
My beauties tell—
I needna rin anither doun
To praise mysel.

Roun' me the charms o' soun' and sicht
For ever yield a pure delicht ;
The lav'rock frae its airy hicht
Sings sweet o'er me,
And green leaves dance in sunshine bricht
On mony a tree.

Compar'd wi' this ilk stinkin' gutter
That roun' my rival maks a splutter—
'T wad stain my crystal lips to utter
Their loathsome filth ;
And yet she dares her claims to mutter
For helpin' health.

And syne she gies her head a toss,
And says that I'm but "common moss,"
But that it were a mighty loss
If she were cow'd,
Altho' she's but the useless dross
O' squander'd gowd.

When Barclay wrote his "Callirhoe,"
Ere our "Scotch Vandyke" was laid low,

When Well o' Spa richt clear did flow
Frae a green knowe,
She had, I own, some worth to show—
She has nane now.

Then, when you hae an hour to spare,
And want to snuff the caller air,
Come roun' my gate when forth ye fare ;
For yon petition,
Tak my advice, and never care
A pinch o' sneeshin.

But O ! when simmer nights grow lang,
When flowers are rife the fields amang,
When ilka birdie pours its sang
In grove or dell,
Lat lads and bonnie lasses thrang
The Firhill well.

THE WELL O' SPA.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF ABERDEEN.

You'LL see Firhill is in a rage,
An' fain a wordy war wad wage ;
It sets her weel at feckless age
To rate and rail ;
She'll be less captious, I'll engage,
When *she* grows frail.

Though she be stout an' young an' braw,
An' may a larger custom draw,
You'll fin' she disna daur to ca'
My waters ill ;
She kens owre weel the Well o' Spa
'S afore Firhill.

What she has said proves her a scald—
A rude, unmannered, randy bauld ;
For ilka word is truth I tauld
Aboot the limmer,
An' gin I meet her, tho' I'm auld,
I swear I'll trim her.

She hints at tales—she'll better spare
Her threats lest I say something mair—
That I o' failin's hae my share
I'll nae deny her ;
But to rin down my virtues rare
I *do* defy her.

What she asserts is so absurd,
That one thinks she can scarce afford
To tell the truth ; for I hae heard
Sic tales aboot her,
I wad as soon believe the word
O' **** the souter.

But what she 's seen, gin she wad tell,
Micht gar an honest cheek turn pale ;

There 's stories I hae heard mysel
I daurna name,
Wad gar your lugs ring like a bell
Wi' perfect shame.

Then mark her braw poetic flicht—
She brags an' blaws wi' a' her nicht
O' "crystal lips" an' "soun' an' sicht,"
An' "lav'rock sang,"
To gar young fools baith day an' nicht
Around her thrang.

Frae sic a graceless crew defend 's,
As I ha'e heard them say attends
On her, an' half the Sabbath spends—
Rank unbelievers—
Then Monday lots o' sutors sends
An' lazy weavers.

Though I could say a hantle mair,
I wad the creature's blushes spare ;
Things whilk I doot is rather rare
In ane sae young ;
In future she had best tak care
An' guard her tongue.

I think she wad be unco fain,
Gin she could only gie me pain

By mootin' him wha 's dead an' gane,
That did regard
Me as a gift frae Heaven alane
To grace his yard.*

I own that it gies me a pang
About the filth she maks a sang;
An', for the Burn, she 's nae far wrang,
Fornent my door ;
But I disown 't, it has been lang
A common shore.

I sanna hinder her to try
To praise hersel till she rin dry ;
But, gin she meddle wi' the cry
O' my petition,
I'll gie her, in my next reply,
A proper creeshin'.

* George Jameson, painter, requested and received from the Magistrates of Aberdeen, in 1635, that part of the Playfield, called the Four Nooket Garden. It stood opposite to the Well of Spa. The ground is now covered by mean houses, and the only memorial of its original destination exists in the name of the Garden Nook Well.

THE CORBIE WELL.

BY WILLIAM CADENHEAD.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF ABERDEEN.

MY frien's, frae this sequester'd nook,
Whare bustling Trade 's owre thrang to look,
And sullen Care, poor gloomy bodie,
Micht seem to haunt my sheltering woodie,
You'll doubtless be surprised to hear
That I've been watchin' mony a year
Ilk change that 's happen'd roun' and roun',
Throughout our "braif," auld farrent toun ;
And aiblins, some wi' primpit mou',
And upturn'd e'en, and wrunkled brow,
May think it baith a shame and sin
That *I* should tak the *Herald* in ;
But, troth, so weel I like the news
Of which that broadsheet 's sae profuse ;
The manfu' way in which it meets
A' kin's o' humbug, canting cheats—
In fact, ilk clever turn about it,
I cou'dna live a week without it.

This bein' the case, ye'll judge I leuch
To hear the daft, unseemly sough—

The tauntin' words and envious splatter
About the virtues o' their water,
That 's risen between that glaiket twa—
The "Firhill" and the "Well o' Spa."
When first the "Spa" began to crack
And mak her unprovok'd attack,
I never for a moment doubtit
But that she soon wad hear about it ;
And just as true as I had thocht it,
The next week's publication brocht it.
And I maun own, tho' somewhat pertly,
Firhill cam owre her knuckles smartly ;
And, but that Spa has mair conceit
Than ony ither well you'll meet,
Yon nicht have put her in a swither
And shut her "stroopie" a' thegither.
But, na ! the carlin racks her brain,
And fires at Firhill back again ;
And—showin' plain she feels it sore—
She 's mair the fishwife than before ;
And, in her rage she seems to clutch
At Firhill's clean, new-pipit mutch,
And grins, wi' ill-disguised disdain,
It 's no an egg-doup like her ain ;
And flists to think *she* sud aspire
To vent a spark poetic fire,
And says she 's naething but a scauld—
"A rude, unmanner'd, randy bauld."
"Weel, ye sud be a judge" thocht I—
"The proverb tells wha first cries fie !"

And then—I wat it sets her fine—
She apes the Sabbatarian whine,
And rails at them, wi' canting talk,
Wha tak a quiet, dounce, Sabbath walk
As rank and graceless unbelievers ;
And sneers at souters and at weavers.
Heaven save the mark ! Whene'er I turn
A musin' glance across the burn,
Whare yon three kirks and steeple high
Stan' out atween me an' the sky,
And think upon the time that 's past—
It ablins was owre good to last—
When on yon self-same spot a hive
O' happy weavers ance did thrive ;
Whase fair day's wark did mair than earn
A scanty meal for wife and bairn,
And left a clushach i' the moggan
In times o' 'stress to keep them joggin',
Or help a needy neighbour thro'—
Alas ! the times are alter'd noo.
And I aft think 'twere just as weel,
And wad a heap o' heart-scads heal,
Were yon Free Kirks laid on the plain,
And my blithe weavers back again.

But I maun close ; yet fain wad shaw
A lesson to yon scauldin' twa—
My neighbour Spa, to raise your fame
Ne'er lichtly use anither's name ;

“Wha steals my purse”—the rest I spare—
Ye sud by this your conduct square.
And you, Firhill, tho’ I alloo
Ye was the last to crook your mou’,
Your praise say high ye sudna blaw,
Humility becomes us a’—
A college, too, within your e’e,
Ye sudna need reproof frae me.
Wi’ this I bid you baith refrain
Frae gien ane anither pain ;
And, when the summer brings fine weather,
We’ll meet and stron a dam thegither
To mak a bonnie day the morn,
A’ jealous rivalry forborne.
Till then, adieu—I sign mysel
Your humble frien’,

THE CORBIE WELL.

THE DUELLIST.

THE night was dark, the tempest howled
O’er mountain, moor, and vāle;
The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled,
The rain in torrents fell.

The autumn moon, with stealthy pace,
Beneath the stormy main
Had sunk—the stars had hid their rays,
And chaos seemed to reign.

While o'er the wild and barren moor
A wretched outcast fled ;
No house he saw with friendly door
To hide his guilty head.

When through the leafless elder bush
The hollow wind would sigh,
Then would he stand and whisper "Hush !"
And gaze with fearful eye.

Then onward thro' the gloom would start,
And cry, "in mercy spare
These searing thoughts that wring my heart,
And drive me to despair.

"Though I have been kind fortune's guest
Since my career began,
I stand upon this barren waste
A friendless, beggared man.

"But, oh ! were this the only grief
My heart would feel for years,
The thought itself would be relief,
Nor thus would melt my tears.

"No path is open now to fame ;
For this my spirit droops—
I bear about a blighted name
Which crushes all my hopes.

“A father’s curse, a mother’s frown,
Must all my prospects blast;
Would that oblivion could drown
Reflections of the past.

“I feel upon my fevered brow
A Cain-like mark impressed;
In shade one crime has served to throw
What virtues I possessed.

“Now, interdicted by a ban,
Through darkest night I stray;
I fear to meet the gaze of man,
And dread the light of day.

“The meek companion of my youth,
For whom I still would live,
How will she hear the dreadful truth,
Or how can she forgive?

“Supremely happy in her love
Life seemed a cloudless beam;
Oh ! that such bliss should only prove
A vain and baseless dream.

“There never sure was guilt like mine—
I must have been a fiend
That could with rage revenge combine,
And slay my only friend.

“ My brain seemed all on fire to see
My helpless victim bleed—
Mistaken honour prompted me
To do the fearful deed.

“ Oh, if my life could make amends
I could resign my breath”—
While yet he speaks a bolt descends
And shuts his eyes in death.

TO A SKULL IN A CABINET.

To whom did you belong,
When, brightly, eyes within those sockets gleam'd,
And living accents sweet fell from thy tongue,
And on thee black or flaxen tresses hung—
Thy face with gladness and with pleasure beam'd,
Or, gloomy 'mid the sorrow and the care
Of life, look'd sad in joyless, dark despair.

You might have been a fool,
Or richly-pamper'd lordling, or a knave,
Or sage, or magistrate with power to rule,
Or pedagogue who governed but a school,
Or some stanch patriot, or warrior brave;
Perhaps, some simple peasant so obscure,
Not known five miles beyond his cottage door.

Perhaps you were a wag,
Who dealt in strange conceits, and could pursue
A jest, till it was worn down to a rag;
And, when the conversation seemed to flag,
Could, with a well-turned pun, the mirth renew;
And careless of to-morrow, if, to-day,
You could have laughed or joked the time away.

You might have been a man
Who lov'd to soothe the sorrows of your kind—
A truly worthy good Samaritan—
And followed Howard's philanthropic plan;
Or stern misanthrope, of a callous mind,
Whom poverty nor misery could have mov'd,
And died unwept, unfriended, and unlov'd.

Perhaps you were a priest,
Dreaming of tithes, and lov'd a wassail bowl
Who did, to fasting, still prefer a feast,
But preach'd abstemiousness in public, least
Your flock might also lust for flesh and fowl,
And, doubtless, proving to the cred'ulous boors
'T was theirs to *practise*, and to *preach* was yours.

We have not learned to trace
Your origin, like Physiologist,
To Ethiop, Mongul, or Caucasian race,
Nor with American or Malay place
Your facial line; nor, like Physiognmist,

Can tell if you were yellow, fair, or black—
We leave all such research to Blumenbach.

* * * *

You now look wise and grave,
If, when alive, you had a foolish look,
And, if a coward, now both bold and brave—
And honest, too, if you had been a knave—
And learned as sage who ever wrote a book;
But what you might have been I cannot know,
As you have nothing left but bumps to show.

The Phrenologist—he
Will talk you on developments and bumps,
Divide the brain in numerous parts; but we
Have knots and bumps upon our skull, d' you see,
Which took their rise, at first, from certain thumps—
Being pugnacious, if truth were spoke,
When we were young—our heads were often broke.

As for Phrenology,
It may be all correct, for aught we know,
But does not chime with our philosophy;
For there are brains which seem to ossify,
Such variance does their owners' actions show
To all the rules; and, to be serious,
We're told that brain is always a congeries.

We know a man whose head
Displays benevolence of such a size

As almost to deform it; but, instead
Of disposition kind, would crush, 't is said,
All comes beneath his influence, and cries,
When charity is asked, "'t is not my rule"—
This man is both a tyrant and a fool.

Bootless it is to ask
Or to conjecture what you might have been—
Or whether temperate, or lov'd a flask,
Or was an upright man, or wore a mask,
Or lived in public, or retired unseen.
Tongue-tied you are, like an Egyptian mummy—
Ergo, must still remain a speechless dummy.

M Y H A M E.

ALTHOUGH I canna boast o' wealth,
An' hamely is my cot,
Still, if I am but blest wi' health,
I love the humble spot,
The winter nicht I never tire,
For monie a merry game
My bairnies play aroun' the fire,
Which gars me love my hame.

When comin' hame baith cauld an' wat,
Out comes ilk bairnie dear,
Ane taks my staff, an' ane my hat,
Anither sets my chair.

My wife taks aff my dreepin' coat,
An' stirs the cheerfu' flame,
Then in my heart I bliss the spot,
An' prize my humble hame.

I wonder aften to mysel,
When seated by the fire,
How workin' men should liquor love,
Or club-room joys desire.
For when their hard-earn'd shillin' 's spent,
They sneak awa wi' shame;
Next mornin' sees the fools repent,
An' gars them think o' hame.

T H E P O S T M A N.

To lofty mansion, and to cottage low,
I am the harbinger of joy or woe ;
To some with smiles I am a welcome guest,
While others frowning my approach detest.
I news and tidings bear from every land,
With frowns and favours fresh from fortune's hand ;
I may bring that which makes the rich man poor,
Yet bring these riches to the beggar's door.
The wished-for prize—the long-expected wealth—
The maiden's troth—the absent husband's health—
The speculation good—the lover's faith—
The son's promotion—the incumbent's death.

And in my bag, mixed up with these, you'll find
The little ills that often vex mankind—
The bankrupt's ruin, and the broken vow—
The fatal shipwreck, and the murderer's blow.
With all the passions—rage, revenge, and tears,
Black melancholy, blasted hopes and fears;
The dunning bill—the challenge and the hoax—
With all the plagues of Old Pandora's box.

S T I L L P U R S U E.

WHILE blessed with youth and strength,
Still pursue,
Life is short at utmost length,
Still pursue;
Then whate'er incites your mind,
Never, never lag behind,
And success at last you 'll find—
Still pursue.

While life holds still hope is there—
Still pursue;
Never yield to bleak despair,
But pursue.
Set to right what may be wrong,
And with vigour push along,
Though but weak you will grow strong—
Still pursue.

Though you fail and fail again,
 Still pursue,
 Let that never give you pain,
 But pursue.
 What is broken quickly mend,
 To the wheel your shoulder lend,
 And with truth true honour blend,
 And pursue.

Keep the goal that ye would gain
 Still in view,
 Leave no bypaths in your train
 Trod by you.
 Let no specious arts prevail
 Which might after pains entail,
 And your efforts cannot fail—
 Then pursue.

THE BISHOP'S CURSE ;

OR, THE RAT OF ST. MARY'S AISLE.

As a more accurate and faithful historian than either Kennedy or Thom, I beg to explain something which has not a little puzzled the Antiquaries, viz.—Why and for what reason was the stone rat placed over the Chapel of St. Mary, on the east gable of the Old Church of St. Nicholas.

The bishop of St. Nicholas
 Reclined in his chair,
 And old Adam Chyne
 The sacristan was there.

And his reverend face
Wore an angry look,
As he called for a candle,
A bell, and a book.

He stamped with his foot,
And he summoned the choir,
With bald-headed monk,
And bare-footed friar.

Each tinkling sound
Of his silver bell,
Brought deacon, or novice,
Or serf, from his cell.

Full humbly they stooped
At the feet of his grace,
When he frowned on them all
With wrath on his face.

Then he solemnly stroked
His grissled beard,
And accusingly said,
“What is this I have heard.

“Sworn guardians are ye
Of the things of the church,
Yet eat well, and drink well,
And sleep in the porch.

“Fit watchmen and warders,
By night and by day,
Yet fail in your duties
To watch and to pray.

“But anger I love not,
And chiding I hate ;
Have you been in our orchard,
My brethren, of late ?

“Ye doubtless have seen,
As ye passed by the stile
At the nethergate wall,
By Saint Mary’s aisle,

“Three apple trees growing,
Right pleasant to see,
Which William of Mortlach
Presented to me.

“I have carefully watched
Them their blossoms unfold,
And with pleasure have looked
On their apples like gold.”

His brows grew more gloomy
And dark as he spoke—
“These apples are stolen,
The branches are broke.

“Such sacrilege merits
The torments of hell,
And I curse him with candle,
With book, and with bell.

“May he lack, when alive,
Both of water and bread,
And conscience torment him
Until he is dead.

“May his flesh and his sinews
Be torn from his bones
By rats, and may no one
Hear his last dying groans.

“And to him who refuses
Assistance to lend
To find out the reiver,
My curse shall extend.

“Then see that ye find him,
By hook or by crook,
Else I’ll curse ye by candle,
By bell, and by book.”

Then he rose and he left them
In dreadful surprise,
And they all wrung their hands,
And they turned up their eyes.

Some mused and some muttered,
And some seemed in grief,
But all seemed determined
To find out the thief.

Such watching and vigils
There never was seen—
Such paters and credos
There never had been—

Such kneeling and crossing
In aisle and in porch,
Has seldom been seen
In St. Nicholas Church.

They fasted a week,
Then the secret came out—
Friar David had found
Who had stolen the fruit.

For St. Nicholas had come
In a dream to the friar,
And told him the thief was
A boy of the choir.

They searched all the cells,
And they found among straw
All the fruit in the bed
Of young Gregory Law.

Who was banned by the bishop,
And flogged at the stile,
Then confined in the vault *
'Neath St. Mary's aisle.

Lacking food three long days
By a chain he was bound,
And the fourth there was only
A skeleton found.

All were struck with surprise
At the terrible curse;
But David the friar
Was smote with remorse.

For 't was he stole the fruit,
Which he hid in the straw
In the bed of the cell
Of poor Gregory Law.

No more would he pray
In St. Mary's aisle;
No more by the orchard
He went, or the stile.

Day brought him no pleasure—
Night brought him no rest;
At last to the bishop
His crime he confessed.

* This vault was the public soup kitchen for a number of years.
Think of a soup kitchen in a burial ground. Faugh!

Who, for his repentance,
At once was resolved
On removing the curse,
And have him absolved.

He in sanctity died, but
They found in the morn,
His flesh by the rats from
His bones had been torn.

The Consistory all with
Long prayers were hoarse,
That they might be preserved
From the terrible curse.

And the bishop, to prove
He the friar did assoil,
Placed a rat made of stone*
On St. Mary's aisle.

* Thousands, I doubt not, will recollect upon the rat cut from stone,
with the current tradition regarding it.

JEAN FINLATER'S LOUN.

THE winter was lang, an' the seed time was late
An' the cauld month o' March sealed Tam Finlater's
fate ;

He dwin'd like a sna' wreath till some time in June,
Then left Jean a widow, wi' ae raggit loun.

Jean scrapit a livin' wi' weavin' at shanks—

Jock got into scrapes—he was aye playin' pranks ;

Frae the Dee to the Don he was fear'd roun' the toun—

A reckless young scamp was Jean Finlater's loun.

Jock grew like a saugh on a saft, boggy brae—

He dislikit the school, an' car'd mair for his play ;

Ony mischief that happened, abroad or at hame,

Whaever was guilty, Jock aye got the blame.

Gin a lantern or lozen was crackit or broke,

Nae ane i' the toun got the wite o't but Jock ;

If a dog was to hang, or a kitlin to droon,

They wad cry, gie the job to Jean Finlater's loun.

He rappit the knockers—he rang a' the bells—

Sent dogs down the causeway wi' pans at their tails :

The dykes o' the gardens an' orchards he scaled—

The apples, an' berries, an' cherries he stealed.

Gin a claise rope was cuttit, or pole ta'en awa',

The neighbours declared it was Jock did it a' ;*

Wi' his thum' at his nose, street or lane he ran down—

A rigwoodie deil was Jean Finlater's loun.

He pelted the peatmen, e'en wi' their ain peats—
Pu'd hair frae their horse tails, then laughed at their
threats ;

An' on Christmas nicht, frae the Shiprow to Shore,
He claikit wi' sowens ilka shutter and door.
We hae chairs in our college for law and theology ;
If ane had been vacant for trick or prankology,
Without a dissent ye micht hae votit the goun,
To sic an adept as Jean Finlater's loun.

On the forenoons o' Fridays he aften was seen
Coupin' country fowks carts upside down i' the Green,
An', where masons were workin', without ony fear,
He shoudit wi' scaffoldin' planks owre their meer.
To harrie bird's nests he wad travel for miles ;
Ding owre dykes an' hedges, an' brak down the stiles,
Swing on gentlemen's yetts, or their pailin's pu' down ;
Tricks and mischief were meat to Jean Finlater's loun.

He vext Betty Osley, wha threatened the law—
Ritchie Marchant wad chaise him an' had him in awe ;
Frae the Hardgate to Fittie he aye was in scrapes,
An' a' body wondered how Jock made escapes.
Jean said he was royet, *that* she maun aloo,
But he wad grow wiser the aulder he grew ;
She aye took his part against a' body roun',
For she kent that her Jock was a kind-hearted loun.

At seventeen, Jock was a stout, strappin' chiel,
He had left aff his pranks, an' was now doin' weel ;

In his face there was health, in his arm there was pith,
An' he learned to be baith a farrier an' smith.
His character, noo, was unstained wi' a blot,
His early delinquencies a' were forgot,
Till the weel-keepit birthday of Geordie cam' roun',
Which markit the fate o' Jean Finlater's loun.

The fire-warks were owre, an' the bonfire brunt done,
An' the crowd to Meg Dickie's gaed seekin' mair fun ;
They attackit the White Ship, in rear an' in front—
Took tables and chairs, whilk they broke an' they brunt.
Jock couldna resist it—he brunt an' he broke—
Some sax were made prisoners—among them was Jock ;
Ten days in the jail, an' his miseries to croun,
Bread an' water was fare for Jean Finlater's loun.

Jock entered the Life-Guards—bade Scotland adieu—
Fought bravely for laurels at fam'd Waterloo ;
An' his conduct was such that, e'er five years had past,
He was made, by Lord H——, master-farrier at last.
Jean's rent aye was paid, an' she still was alive
To see her brave son in the year twenty-five ;
An' nane wad hae kent that the whisker'd dragoon
Was the same tricky nickem—Jean Finlater's loun.

S A N D Y ' S A W A .

AIR—"Logie o' Buchan."

THOUGH summer be blythesome an' bonny to see,
Wi' bells on the heather, an' gowans on the lea ;
Though saft be its win's, an' though sweetly they blaw,
Nae pleasure they gie me since Sandy's awa.

By the auld saughen tree at the crook o' the burn,
The lang summer day I sit dowie an' mourn ;
My snoud I hae deckit wi' ribbons o' black,
For naething can please me till Sandy come back.

The day is sae langsome, the night seems sae sad,
I count ilka hour till I see my dear lad ;
Our laird wi' his daffin', comes down the dykeside,
An' says to my mither he'll mak me his bride.

Wi' rings i' my lugs, on my fingers an' a',
At kirk an' at market I aye shall gang braw ;
But I heedna his daffin', my heart is sae sad,
I'll lo'e nae anither but Sandy, dear lad.

They say I am bonny, but weel I can tell,
I wad only be bonny for Sandy himsel ;
Though ithers may woo me, it only gies pain,
For Sandy he lo'es me, an' I'll be his ain.

I heedna their wooin', it only gies pain,
I wish that my Sandy were come back again ;
My mither says "Jeanie, come ben to the churn,
Ye needna be greetin', he'll never return.

"For aye since I min' upon sodgers ava—
For ane that cam hame there was scores gaed awa ;
I wonder how men can like fechtin' an' strife—
Can they no be content wi' the blessings o' life?"

I doot my poor heart soon wi' sorrow will brak,
Gin Sandy, dear laddie, should never come back,
For the day is sae langsome, the nicht is sae sad,
I count ilka hour till I see my dear lad.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOM,

THE INVERURY POET.

Go bring me wild flowers from the glen—
The cowslip and the scented thyme,
"The modest daisy" from the plain,
With every blossom of our clime.

Be sure and bring the purple heath,
The lily and the yellow broom,
With laurel, and I'll weave a wreath
To deck the bard of Ury's tomb.

Hushed is the harp of other days,
And damp and cold the minstrel's brow ;
Yet still will live his magic lays
That bade our tears unbidden flow.

Mute is the soft, persuasive tongue,
That well the human heart could scan,
Upon whose accents we have hung,
And marked the genius of the *man*.

"Lip deep" in poverty he strove
With life and all its ills so stern,
And in his matchless verses wove
The sorrows of the friendless bairn.

Oh ! Poverty, man's direst bane,
From whatsoever source ye come,
What miseries follow in your train,
And drive the wretched from their home.

A stranger in a distant land,
He passed his days unseen, unknown ;
And pressed by grief's unfeeling hand,
Till joy had from his bosom flown.

Far from his dear and native spot,
A humble grave the bard will find ;
Yet still he shall not be forgot,
But in our memories be enshrined.

THE MAN O' THE WELL.

WHAT 's come o' the carlie, can ony ane tell,
That stood on the tap o' the Castlegate Well ;
He 's a thread o' the wob, an' a strand o' the line
O' auld recollections I wishna to tyne.
Should he be (I think 't wad be unco ill-faur'd)
Cockit up in some gentleman's shrubb'ry or yard ;
Gin nane will look after 't, I'll do it mysel—
We mauna lose sicht o' the Man o' the Well.

The Man o' the Well was a sad waukrife wicht—
Heard mony a secret, saw mony a sicht ;
Frae sodgers and harlots he heard strange relations—
At midnight heard gentlemen mak assignations.
He aften saw holy men staggerin' aboot
I' the dark, wi' their pouches a' turned inside oot ;
What he heard, what he saw, he never wad tell—
Discreet and reserved was the Man o' the Well.

There was ae class o' men I'm forbidden to name,
As some are alive, and wad maybe think shame ;
But ane I may mention, without gi'en pain—
'T is the man that is made o' the granite, you ken.
His Grace baith wi' strumpets and fiddlers wad drink
At toddy, till he like a coal-slave wad stink ;
Sae his statue, 'mang scenes where he likit to dwell,
They plac'd, an' took down our auld frien' o' the Well.

But we had a class wha, wi' manners jocose,
Wore cassimere knee-breeks and white fing'rin' hose,
Wi' a big bunch o' seals, an' a weel powder'd pow,
Unlike the cigar-smokin' gents we hae now.
They were a' men o' honour, substantial an' guid—
The feck o' them baillies, tho' hamely nae prood ;
These men an' their manners hae ta'en a farewell,
An' hae a' disappeared wi' the Man o' the Well.

The Man o' the Well saw the cowardly houn's,
The Cromarty Rangers, use begnets an' guns,
'Cause some stupid cowl o' a Hiellanman gat
Frae an ill-trickit loun roun' the lugs wi' a cat.
When half-bricks, an' aruots, an' lead bullets flew,
Frae John Ewen's shop to the barracks like stew ;
When he saw clawmahewats a-dealin' pell-mell,
Nae a preen nor a plack car't the Man o' the Well.

On the jail stairs, when ane on the pillory stood,
Then grave as a judge he would gaze owre the crowd ;
Nae tears did he shed when he witnessed a death—
As Johnny Milne stáppit some puir fellow's breath.
I' the Chaumer, ae time, at a drinkin' or ball,
When Dingwall and Rippachie got in a brawl ;
When they fought on the Planestanes, an' Rippachie fell,
It didna concern the auld Man o' the Well.

When Bonyparte threatened our land to invade,
An' ilka ane learned the sodgerin' trade ;

When some folk were thinking o' makin' their wills,
An' ithers o' rinnin' awa to the hills ;
Some dreedit the ballot, an' ithers the *press*,
An' terror was sittin' on ilka ane's face ;
Tho' war, wi' its threat'nings, might gar the heart quail,
Yet, firm as a rock, stood the Man o' the Well.

When Tower's and Finlayson's regiments wad meet,
Like a lot o' brick dykes up and down Castle Street ;
When Hoggie, as proud as a prince o' the land,
Said his corps was a brave an' invincible band,
He wad tell to his captains, when he was a loon,
How easy he could have jumped over the moon ;
"Let him try," said his sodgers, "I doot he wad fail—
He couldna jump over the Man o' the Well."

When Cocker wi' Punch had colleckit a crowd,
Or, in King Street, where Miles' menagerie stood ;
When the hale Seven Trades wi' their emblems sae braw,
Held New-Year's Day, spite o' the frost and the snaw ;
When Gard'ners or Masons to meet had agreed,
To walk wi' our frien', Boxie Brands, at their head—
Sic grandeur wad work on our minds like a spell,
But had nae effect on the Man o' the Well.

Ye'll be spierin' how auld is the Man o' the Well—
Weel really I canna tak on me to tell ;
I've seen nae records, though it is my intention
To notice if Kennedy maks ony mention.

Our Civics langsyne, although strange like it looks,
Put items o' far lesser note i' their books ;
That he's mair than a hunner, I'm safe to gae bail,
For my granny aft spak o' the Man o' the Well.

LINES ON VISITING GLENISLA,

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF TWENTY YEARS.

LOVED scenes of my childhood, what dreams ye renew,
Hid in memory's hoards since I bade ye adieu—
Each mountain and river, each vale I can name,
And, though I am changed, yet ye still are the same.
The sun shines as bright over meadow and plain,
The bee roams as wild over valley and glen,
The breeze of the west comes as balmy and mild
As it breathed o'er the heathbell when I was a child.
The old thorn tree blossom's freshly as ever,
The birds sing as sweet on the banks of the river,
The water-fowl glides on the breast of the lake,
The deer climbs the mountains, the fox threads the brake,
The cuckoo and swallow are come from the south,
As gay as they were in the days of my youth,
But where the bright faces—the mates of my youth,
Whose bosoms were innocence, virtue, and truth—
O'er the face of the earth they are scattered afar,
In the peaceful retreat—'mid the tumults of war—

In the city—the desert—the camp—on the deep ;
And some in the graves of their forefathers sleep.

And where is the cottage that skirted the wood,
Scarce a trace can be seen of the place where it stood ;
Its hearth is untenanted, cheerless, and cold,
And a sad tale of woe by its ruins is told.
The garden, unheeded, by weeds is o'ergrown,
The flowers, all neglected, are withered and gone—
A sigh in my bosom to memory swell,
Lov'd scenes of my youth, as I bid you farewell.

V E R S E S

ON A FRIEND FINDING THE FOLLOWING LETTER :—

DEAR ROBERT,—It is unkind to press the subject at present. You cannot but think how unfitted I am to appear in the character of a bride, so lately after the death of one who has been—with the exception of yourself—my sole companion since the death of my father. I hope you will not resume it for some time ; and believe me, yours sincerely ever,

MARGARET E————.

MARGARET.

ROBERT, cease, you cannot move me—
Yet, let truth be simply told—
Dear as ever I could love thee,
But my heart with grief is cold.

Could you love where no affection
Meets affections warm embrace ;
Where the gloom of sad dejection
Clouds each feature of the face.

ROBERT.

Yes, I'd make thee mine to-morrow—
Not a smile which beauty wears
Seems so beautiful as sorrow,
When 't is clad in woman's tears.
Though the world may never feel them,
In their griefs no beauty see ;
Yet be mine the task to heal them—
'T is reward enough for me.

MARGARET.

Could you, all your friends forgetting,
Into dull seclusion go ?
Could you leave without regretting,
All the ball-room's glitt'ring show ?
Could you leave the dazzling splendour,
Fashion's followers gaily wears ;
All the pleasures which attend her,
For a woman's sighs and tears ?

ROBERT.

Yes ; I'm wearied of the glitter
Of such unsubstantial joys ;
For I oft have felt the bitter
Fruits of all these tinsel toys.

Heart's with grief and anguish broken,
Warmly can affection share ;
Keenest sorrow oft betoken
That a kindred soul is there.

MARGARET.

Urge not, Robert—it is cruel—
Love like yours deserves return ;
Mine, though warm, requires renewal—
Sorrow makes it dimly burn.
Time, although it cannot smother,
Yet may blunt these griefs to me ;—
Trust, till then, that ne'er another
E'er can share my love but thee.

ROBERT.

Chide not, love, I will not press thee,
For in me Heaven still shall find
A suppliant, to restore and bless thee
With a calm and tranquil mind.
Hearts like ours, though bruised and riven,
Harbour love—grow ne'er supine ;
Our vows are registered in heaven,
And I am yours and ye are mine.

THE MAIDEN'S FIRST GREY HAIR.

WHEN I was sixteen years of age, my hair was chesnut
brown,

And was as long and silky, too, as any girls in town—
It hung in such profusion that the passers-by would stare ;
But much I've learned now I've seen my first grey hair.

Ere I was scarcely twenty-two, five lovers asked my price,
But I could never fix on one, I was so over nice.

I heard mamma say to papa, "She's such a haughty fair,
She will not take one till she sees her first grey hair."

Oh ! sad has been the change in me since thirty years ago—
They said my shape was *en bon point*—my skin as white
as snow ;

But now 't is freckled like a frog—my form is lank and
spare—

My eyes grow dim, too, since I've seen my first grey hair.

My teeth are now grown black and brown—they once
were white as milk—

The blood upon my cheek is broke like threads of crimson
silk ;

I'm cripple, too, for on each toe are bunions I declare—
My temper's changed, too, since I've seen my first grey hair.

I'm racked with rheumatisms, when the wind is in the
east—

I dare not venture to a ball, a theatre, or feast—
When I deny, they don't insist, nobody seems to care
About a maiden, when she sees her first grey hair.

My stomach is entirely gone—in fact, in that respect,
My pills and medicines of late have ceased to have effect ;
Were it not for a friend to whom at times I do repair,
I'd lose my *speerits*, now I've seen my first grey hair.

Oh ! but an aged spinster's life is wearisome and flat—
With knitting hose she'll never wear, and caring for her
cat—

If she has money then her friends with one consent declare
They wish her dead, now she has seen her first grey hair.

When I look through my little room, and think on days
bygone,

I often sigh and shed a tear to think myself so lone—
My sisters they have husbands got their happiness to share—
I look into my glass and see my first grey hair.

I'm not so very old but I a husband yet may get,
And shame my friends—I don't intend to die in such a
pet—

'T would make amends, were it my luck to have a son
and heir,

And yet be happy, though I've seen my first grey hair.

BAGPIPES *versus* FIDDLE.

I' THE haugh where the Don rins by bonny Braidha',
In a cot i' the clachan dwelt Murdo Macraw,
Weel kent far and near as a frolicsome blade—
A Piper for sport, and a Thatcher for trade.

There wasna a cliack, a dancin', or fair,
A weddin' or christ'nin', but Murdo was there ;
Wi' his pipes an' his drones he wad baith skirl an' blaw—
An' muckle requested was Murdo Macraw.

To neighbourin' farmers in hairst he wad shear—
He could trap hares an' rabbits, or sawmon could spear ;
Brak dogs for the huntin' o' otters an' brocks,
Or fettle at guns, either barrels or locks.

He made rods for fishin', an' twistit their lines—
The lasses lo'ed Murdo, and he lo'ed the queans ;
Nae ane in particular, he courtit them a'—
They were whiles like to fecht about Murdo Macraw.

An affair that occur'd gied his credit a shog ;
To Braidha' cam a Wricht a' the way frae Drumclog—
A canty wee chiel, wha could handle the bow,
At the new country dances, like Donald or Gow.

Country dances were now a' the rage o' the day,
An' Murdo could play but a reel or strathspey ;
Sae seldom if ever he now got a ca'—
'T is a cursed piece o' business, thocht Murdo Macraw.

The hairst was ta'en in, and the rucks got a hap—
The fodder was lang, an' a bountiful crap ;
I' the gloamin' the Greive stappit o'er to the Wricht,
As the cliack was to be on the Wednesday nicht.

But after the lads an' the lasses were met,
Ye needna misdoot that they a' lookit blate,
For somehow the Wricht through the day gaed awa—
They had nae ither help but seek Murdo Macraw.

Macraw thocht a slur on his pipes had been cast,
He demurr'd for a while, but consentit at last ;
The pipes were ta'en down, an' he dress'd himsel braw—
Ye may judge sic a welcome he got at Braidha'.

He scarcely had played twa strathspeys to the ear,
When the canty wee Fiddler cam in wi' a steer ;
The fiddle was straikit wi' mony a " ha, ha !"
An' few tint a thocht upon Murdo Macraw.

The supper was owre, an' the lasses were fain
To be on the floor at the dancin' again ;
But ye ken disappointments is ilka ane's lot—
The fiddle was lost, an' it couldna be got.

They lookit the "but" an' ransackit the "ben,"
But nae ane could guess whare the fiddle was gane.
Then they cried for the pipes—they were also awa ;
"They are after the fiddle," said Murdo Macraw.

Says Forbes the Greive, "'T is remarkable queer
How bagpipes an' fiddle should baith disappear ;
First married who gets them"—when, strange-like to tell,
They were found 'neath the barm in a tubfu' o' ale.

They drew out the fiddle, completely a wrack,
The Wricht lookit gloomy, tho' naething he spak ;
Nae waur was the pipes, wi' a squeeze an' a blaw—
Tak ye that for your fiddlin' thocht Murdo Macraw.

TO MY OLD HAT.

ONCE on a day thou wert both sleek and fair,
But thou art grown now shapeless, brown, and bare,
With scarcely nap enough to hide a flea—
Yet thou hast been a Golgotha to me,
These four years past—some service thou hast seen,
Strange fancies have been formed in thee I ween ;
Whiles filled with nonsense, whiles with grave reflections.
With pleasant thoughts, and vexing recollections ;
Fears and anticipations fraught with pain,
Which in the issue proved were all in vain ;
The coming rent-day, and the tradesman's bill,
With hundreds more harass the poor man still ;

Then hopes and wishes, whose results sufficed,
To show such things are seldom realized ;
With dreams of finding purses, heiring cash,
Or making speeches where our wit may flash ;
Or that our children should have talents rare—
Our sons all learned, and all our daughters fair ;
On this the Stoic well may write a lecture,
And call the science ærial architecture—
For true it is that hats we often meet
Filled with such whims and fancies in the street.
You'll pardon this digression, I presume—
You were the subject. I again resume—
Thou art so useless now, thy heyday's gone,
Ev'n Pat himself would scarcely put thee on ;
Unlike my ragged shirt, hard is thy lot,
For it, in time, may be a ten-pound note ;
But, being made of chip, and broken so,
Thou now art good for nothing that I know,
Unless it be a scarecrow on a field,
The latest service thy remains can yield—
And some rude boor may toss with fork or spade
What held more whims than ever did his head.
Thou art so worthless as to pass, I fear,
Unnoticed even by the chiffonier ;
Hadst thou been cork, perhaps I might thee use,
And made thy body soles for boots or shoes ;
If felt, thou might make wadding to a gun
When amateurs go frightening birds for fun.
Not worth such grave remarks, we part, that's flat,
Lest people say, O ! what a shocking hat !

JAMIE COCKMALONE'S VISION IN 1847,

TRAVELLING FROM ABERDEEN TO THE PRINTFIELD.

THE sea was roarin' on the shore,
The night was dark and caul',
An' as I pass'd the Boat-house door
The Aulton chappit twal'.

Near blinnit wi' the drizzlin' drift,
Wi' wearied steps I trode—
The feint a star was i' the lift
To licht me on the road.

Whiles thinkin' on the heartless times,
An' ilka thing sae dear—
Whiles singin' scraps o' Robbie's rhymes,
I had nae thocht o' fear.

When past the Brig, or little mair,
I heard a strange like soun',
Then faund a creepin' i' my hair,
An' startit, lookit roun'.

An' there, atween me an' the west,
A queer like thing I saw—
Full sax feet high—an' it was drest
In claise as white 's the snaw.

By turns my blood ran cauld an' warm,
My brain began to crack,
When out it stretched a fleshless arm,
And thus the spectre spak.

"I doot you're catched at last my frien',
Ye weel may look sae blate—
Now, tell me truly where you've been,
An' why frae hame sae late."

I tried to treat the matter licht,
Though owre me cam a dwam—
"I've been in Aberdeen this nicht,"
Says I, "an' got a dram."

Says he "Ye nicht hae been as weel
Employéd, I conjecture,
Hearin' some philanthropic chiel,
At a Teetotal lecture.

"In times like this, there 's nae a few
Scarce gets life hauden in—
To spen' your siller and get fou,
Is baith a shame an' sin.

"The filthy, thriftless, drunken sots,
Wha ilka tap-room fill,
Prove there is death in porter pots,
An' ruin in the gill.

“The shapeless hat—the clouted shée—
The threadbare raggit coat—
The breeks baith out at —— an’ knee,
Bespeak the drunken sot.

“Wi’ hingin’ head and sneakin’ pace,
He skulks through ilk bye lane,
Afraid tó show his pimpled face—
His independence gane.

“Then trace him to his latest haunts,
Where he resigns his breath—
Nae wife nor frien’ to heed his wants,
Or close his een in death.

“Nor follow fond regrets nor tears
The drunkard to his tomb ;
His memory lost to future years—
Sic is the drunkard’s doom.

“I kent a noble youth wha died
A drunkard’s death, mysel ;
He micht hae been his country’s pride—
Just listen to his tale.”

He tauld a common tale o’ drouth,
Wi’ a’ its *disagremens*,
And how the pair misguided youth
Drank till he dee’t o’ *tremens*.

He wad said mair had it nae been
A cock began to craw ;
An' as the College chappit ane,
He vanished clean awa.

I wish I had a drappie mair
Thinks I when he was flown,
For a' I get I needna care
Though it were never brewin'.

Catch me again in shine or shoor—
I doot you'll wait a blink—
Hearing a ghost a mortal hour
Declaimin' aboot drink.

THE AULD BOW BRIG.

YE'LL hae noticed a briggie, wi' age grown grey,
That stan's at the foot o' the Windmill-brae ;
But when it was biggit, or wha put it there,
Few livin' can tell, and there 's as few will care ;
Yet there isna a quarter or spot i' the toun
That I like half sae weel—for, when I was a loun,
It was there that I stoppit—an' mony a rig
An' prank I've seen play'd at the Auld Bow Brig.

In the gloamins o' spring ye wad seen twa 'r threescore
O' laddies and chieles, ca't the Fencible core,
Wha like sodgers wad march up the Denburn green
T' encounter the Corbies * wi' stick an' wi' stene.
They wad fight till the red-coats cam roun' by the smiddy,
Then some ran by the dykes and some ran by the widdy—
Sic retreatin' an' rinnin' by Tory an' Whig,
When Simon † cam down to the Auld Bow Brig.

There appeared at the Brig, ilka fourth day o' June,
New callants frae some ither part o' the toun ;
But whatever they were, or whatever their trade,
They must be, in the first place, a Fencible made.
Their een were tied up in a napkin—but stap,
I canna explain, so the subject we'll drap ;
But they had to submit, were they little or big,
For they a' got a “chick” ‡ at the Auld Bow Brig.

At the end o' the Brig stood a brick-biggie bole,
Where auld Geordie Lawrence colleckit the toll ;
There Souters an' Tailor, frae baith near and far,
Met to hear a' the news, an' to crack o' the war.

* At the annual stone battle between the Fencibles and the Gileomston boys. The latter were called the Corbies, from the “Corbie Well” at the north end of the Denburn green.

† Simon Grant, Town-sergeant, whom the authorities sent to quell the combatants.

‡ A “chick or chickie,” was the ceremony of initiation which every one had to submit to, and was rather unseemly in its character.

In their nightcaps and aprons the carls wad chat,
For some wad hae this, an' some would hae that—
Nae political question or Frenchman's intrigue
But was settled an' solved at the Auld Bow Brig.

There were three muckle plane trees grew down at the turn
Where the laddies catch't bandies an' eels i' the burn,
An' nae far frae that stood a loupin'-on-stane,
Where farmers on Fridays took leave o' a frien'.
An' the wives they would sit wi' their shanks i' their lap,
An' look on as their laddies were scourin' their tap—
For the tax an' the dear meal they car't nae a fig,
When the siller was rife at the Auld Bow Brig.

But the auld custom housie is now ta'en awa—
The trees by the burn—loupin'-on-stane an' a';
An' the burnie that ance was the washerwife's pride
Is a' fu' o' mud, an' it stinks like the tide.
Where the auld smiddy stood they hae biggit a pile
That a stranger would tak for a kirk or a jail;
An' the creatures o' tradesmen, sae proud an' sae big,
Look down wi' contempt on the Auld Bow Brig.

A friend of mine, who prides himself upon being a bit of an anti-quary, tells me that the Bow Brig is the first bridge that ever was built of "dressed" Aberdeenshire granite.

COMPLAINT OF A NOSE.

I AM a most miserable member ; my life
Is a series of trials, and troubles, and strife ;
Though I to a corporate body belong,
For all I must suffer both hardship and wrong.

I'm so sensitive, too, one would scarcely believe
How little afflicts me—how quick I perceive ;
There is not in nature a thing, I suppose,
So useful, and yet so ill-us'd as the nose.

The back and the brow in summer may sweat,
And the rest of the body be fainting with heat ;
But they all have a shade, where his rays they may shun,
While I am both roasted and baked in the sun.
The brow takes the liberty, too, to anoint
Me with oozings, by dropping them over my point ;
Were no odours to comfort me, such as the rose,
'Tis impossible I could exist as a nose.

When winter snow doth into icicles form,
Then I am put forward to brazen the storm ;
Though vex'd, till I shed even tears, be it told,
I'm wrung by the fingers for being so cold.
The eyes, ears, and mouth, all protected may be,
But there is neither shield nor protection for me ;
With lambs' wool and leather protecting the toes,
There is nobody dreams of defending the nose.

When the stomach, the lips, and the palate incline,
To demand from the hands either brandy or wine—
When the vot'ries of Bacchus by night sacrifice
And turn me too frequently up to the skies—
Though I am not consulted, I bear all the blame,
Or, at least, to the public show marks of the shame ;
So that summer, and winter, and wine, are my foes,
Combining to punish an innocent nose.

It is easily proven I get such a life,
When the eyes and tongue please to get into strife ;
For the eyes, in a rage, look with envy and spite,
And call on the tongue to maintain they are right.
The hands back the quarrel, and get into scrapes,
Small chance is for me then of making escapes ;
For I'm sure of the heaviest share of the blows,
And for no other cause but because I'm a nose.

It matters not whether I am lusty or lank,
Like a sausage, a bottle, a handle, or shank,
A hook, or a snub, or a soldering bolt,
It is all the same, I must suffer insult.
In affections I'm tender, in sympathies great,
And though never offending, yet such is my fate,
That the bye-lanes and courts of our brave city shows
The cruel inflictions which torture the nose.

L I N E S,

ON ACCOMPANYING THE OFFICIALS OF THE ABERDEEN HERALD
ON THEIR ANNUAL TRIP TO THE COUNTRY.

FAREWELL scenes of art and splendour—

Farewell fashion for a time ;

Hail ye scenes whose native grandeur

Is romantic and sublime.

Farewell pageants vainly showing,

Short-lived joys fly swiftly past ;

Hail ye wild flowers freshly growing,

Far from envy's withering blast.

Hail ye cheering beams of morning,

Smiling o'er the landscape wide—

Hail ye golden tints adorning

Evening like a modest bride.

Hail ye rocks and heathy mountains,

Towering upwards to the sky—

Hail ye clear and placid fountains,

Where their shapes inverted lie.

Hail ye wild deer, gaily bounding

O'er the muir and through the woods—

Strife nor revelry are sounding

In your peaceful solitudes.

Hail ye larks, at morning soaring
Far beyond the searching eye—
Hail ye evening warblers, pouring
Forth your cheerful melody.

Hail ye limpid streamlets gushing,
With your whispers o'er the plain—
Hail ye mountain torrents rushing,
With your thunders to the main.

Here for rank no disputations
Break the friendship of the grove—
Here the songsters' emulations
Speak of harmony and love.

Here are found life's richest treasures—
Heaven's best gifts—content and health ;
Grant me these, and keep the pleasures
That are bought by rank or wealth.

A NEW CHAPTER OF THE "LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS."

BY WILLIAM CADENHEAD.

Tho' a hantle 's been said 'bout the "language o' flowers,"
There 's muckle remains untauld ;
So I'll tell you a story about them mysel,
And its nó yet a hale day auld.

Yestreen as I sat in a garden plot,
At the gloamin's stilly hour,
"Oh ! wha 's for the Hortus Show, the morn ?"
Was question'd frae flower to flower.

"Oh ! wha 's for the Show—oh ! wha 's for the Show ?"
Was echoed round about,
Till ilka breath of the fragrant air
Was vocal wi' the shout.

At length up spak Miss Mimulus,
In a saft and gentle croon—
"I'm gaen to the Show, come o' ithers what may,
In my yellow printed gown."

"And I hae resolv'd," Miss Pansie said,
"To gang, come weal, come woe ;
And dinna ye doot but I'll cast a dash
In my purply silk paletot !"

"I'll beat ye a' wi' my double frills,"
Miss Stock said, proud and primpit,
"For I've had the feck o' them new guffreed,
And ane or twa o' them crimpit."

Miss Fuschia toss'd her ear-rings bricht,
And never a word spak she,
But the toss o' her head said, plain as print,
"There 's nane o' ye half like me."

And bauld Sweetwilliam put on his vest—
A figured vest and bonny—
And glower'd wi' a true auld bachelor stare
At flarin' Miss Pæonie.

While Calceolaria bow'd and beck'd
To the strappin' queans, the Rockets ;
And whistled, wi' variations too,
“There 's money in *all* my pockets.”

And ye might hae seen Miss Balsam's blush,
As through her pure veins it flew,
While she held up her lips for a gentle kiss
Frae her sweet love Honey Dew.

But waes my heart for poor Miss Rose,
For hers was a doleful chime ;
The braw pink frock that she was to have worn,
It couldna be ready in time.

And she swore—it was a gentle aith—
She said “might Flora take her,
But she wad be soon up sides and mair
Wi' Nature's mantua-maker !”

But here the wasteren clouds enclos'd
The sun's last gowden peep,
And the flowers grew silent, ane by ane,
And faulded themsels asleep.

QUEEN ROSE TO HER SUBJECTS.

THAT you have been talking treason
Is too plain not to be seen—
Boasting much without a reason,
In the absence of your Queen.

For, mark me well, each blossom,
Your admirers will be few,
When I show my carmine bosom,
Sparkling with the diamond dew.

Though the amateurs, by straining,
Flimsy beauties may impart,
Recollect that Nature's training
Is before the aids of art.

Ye had virtues in your natures
Ere ye knew the florist's thrall,
But the changing of your features
Have deprived you of them all.

Disperse each silly fancy,
For coquettes find no repute ;
Then take warning, Lady Pansy,
And be modest and be mute.

And I tell you, Mesdames Fuschias,
Tho' your pendants toss with pride,
I prefer the modest blushes
Which the Daisy seeks to hide.

We shall see, Sir Calceolaria,
What your pockets will be worth,
When my sister, Queen Victoria,
Comes to see me in the north.

And, Miss Stock, 'tis very silly,
With your tawdry, to presume—
Take a lesson from the Lily,
When she breathes her sweet perfume.

See how plain her snow-white kirtle,
Not a spot on it is seen ;
She, the Balsam, and the Myrtle,
All allow I am their Queen.

There is even Lord Narcissus,
Though he keeps from every flower
To himself his sighs and kisses,
Still acknowledges my power.

And the Mademoiselles Auriculas,
Whom I have seldom seen,
Think it would be quite ridiculous,
To say I am not their Queen.

For one who beholds your beauties,
There are twenty look at me—
So I trust you'll do your duties,
When I hold my next levee.

And let no more stupid notions
On your better sense impose ;
But be warm in your devotions,
To your rightful Queen, the Rose.

THE FEAST OF THE FLOWERS.

WITH the dance and the song Madame Flora came forth,
And the bleak frosty winds fled away to the North,
As she breathed on the mountain, the garden, and plain
Calling out all her beautiful subjects again.
Then smiling they came with their numberless hues.
To bask in the sunshine, and drink of the dews ;
While Zephyr, as herald, proclaimed in the bowers
A Whitsuntide meeting—a Feast of the Flowers.

From the group, as her maidens of honour, she chose
Sentimental Miss Lily and plump Lady Rose ;
And the Tulips, as tirewomen, next her were placed,
To show how the Goddess of Flowers should be dressed.
She took, as her footman, though hoary with age,
The wild Mountain Daisy—the Thyme, as her page ;

And the Sunflower, as watchman, took note of the hours,
While Sol shone his best at the Feast of the Flowers.

The Goddess was seated as queen of the year,
And called the Dahlia to act as croupier ;
The Blue-bells, as waiters, their services lent,
And the Thistle was champion, by common consent.
The Forests and Woods all were loud in applause—
Though none of the guests, yet they favoured the cause ;
But the Ivy looked down from the old-ruined towers
With envy and spite on the Feast of the Flowers.

The birds, and the bees, and the streams were the choir,
And Æolus played sweet on his magical lyre,
While Pan by the lake with his reeds caught the strain,
Which Echo prolonged in a chorus again.
And gaily and gently they waved in the breeze,
While nectar was dropped in their cups from the trees—
Cloudless skies, and the dews, and the soft summer
 showers,
Were the topics and toasts at the Feast of the Flowers.

Then order was called, and the croupier arose,
And mildly he said, " I the health would propose
Of one who, though not to the flowers he belongs,
Is a friend who has suffered misfortunes and wrongs,
And, as such, you will all drink his health I presume.
Then I give the Potato, and long may he bloom,
For his blossoms, though humble, are fragrant as ours ;"
And they drank it with three at the Feast of the Flowers.

Then Flora rose up, and her chaplet she waved,
And graciously smiled, as a bumper she craved—
“A health to our handmaid, the beautiful Rose,
To our soldier, the Thistle, who guards us from foes,
And our sister, the Shamrock—I drink to the three,”
Then they shook all their leaves and their petals with
 glee,
And the party broke up with a wish that the hours
Could but have been prolonged at the Feast of the
 Flowers.

A SCENE FROM WATERLOO.

“As I see’d it myself.”—*Old Soldier’s Relation.*

As wandering o’er the battle field,
A female form I saw,
Beside a soldier who reclined
 Upon a truss of straw.
She to his parched and quivering lips
A moistened kerchief held,
While from his bared and wounded side,
The crimson current welled.

And near them stood a cherub boy
With light and sunny hair,
Who clasped his hands, as if engaged
In some sweet infant prayer.

A tear, bright as a drop of dew,
Was trembling in his eye,
While from his little bosom burst
A deep, half-stifled sigh.

Two magic words were whispered by
The mother and the child—
The wounded soldier ope'd his eyes,
And languidly he smiled.
He grasped the hand which wet his lips,
And stroked the infant's hair ;
Then, looking up to heaven, he craved
A blessing on the pair.

The sun sunk 'neath the distant hills—
The battle field grew dark ;
A shot came booming thro' the gloom—
The mother was its mark.
She fell, exclaiming, " Bernard, dear,
Farewell !" He started wild,
And muttered with his dying breath,
Protect my infant child !"

The night was cold—the shivering boy
Could only sob and weep,
And, 'mid the sighs and groans around,
He cried himself asleep.
The morning broke—the sun arose,
And o'er the scene he smiled--
But that fair boy no more awoke,
Nor was an orphan child.

We give a laurel wreath to those
The battle's brunt have stood,
And to the memory of the brave,
The tear of gratitude.
Yes, "Gentle Peace," affection's hand,
Our grave with flowers may strew ;
But husband, wife, and child can sleep
As sound on Waterloo.

MY LUCKYMINNY'S KIST.

My Lucky left to me a kist,
She hadna muckle mair to gie,
But it was pang't wi' mony a thing,
She had been gatherin' years for me—
A hunner score o' rusty preens,
Wi' sheers and thummels twenty-three.
Now, wisna this a droll auld kist
My Luckymunny left to me ?

A pair o' sheets, as white 's the sna—
A cushion, stuff't wi' sheelin' seeds—
Twa kames—a knife—an' siller brooch ;
Besides a string o' laumer beads—
A sneeshin' mull an' 'bacco doss—
A penner, an' an auld horse shee.
Now, wisna this a queer auld kist
My Luckymunny left to me ?

A manky gown, my Lucky wore—
A cockernony, plaitet weel—
Twa knots o' ribbons, blue an' white—
An' thairm, to mount a spinnin' wheel ;
Likewise, my Lucky's scarlet cloak—
A braw guidwife I trow was she.
Now, wisna this a weel-lined kist
My Luckymninny left to me ?

My Luckydaddy's auld brown wig—
His bonnet, an' his blue boot-hose—
Twa pair o' specks, besides the caup
For forty years had held his brose—
A rantree stick—a spur—a whip,
He rode to fairs wi' jauntilie.
Now, wisna this a braw auld kist
My Luckymninny left to me ?

A Bible, an' a pair o' cards—
A psalm book—an' auld Ramsay's rhymes—
A pack o' carts—a razor strap—
An' Spaldin's "Troubles o' his times."
A bottle fu' o' usquebae—
An almanac for ninety-three.
Now, wisna this a funny kist
My Luckymninny left to me ?

Twa set o' wires for weavin' shanks—
Wi' worset, baith in hanks an' clews—
An' linen, mair than thirty ells—
An' plaidin' to mak coats and trows.

Sic lots o' buttons—bits o' twine—

Auld keys and corks, you'll seldom see.

Now, wisna this a gay auld kist

My Luckymninny left to me ?

Four pair o' blankets, saft an' warm—

A dozen sarks—forbye twa coats ;

An' i' the locker, in a clout,

Was safely row't a hunner *notes* ;

An' in a hose, beside it, lay

Just fifty crowns—I sanna lee !

Now, wisna this a rich auld kist

My Luckymninny left to me ?

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

OH, who can tell a parent's heart,

Or what a father feels,

When, slow but sure, the hand of death

Upon his infant steals.

He marks the sad appealing eye

Which vainly seeks relief,

And turns to hide the gathering tear,

Or check the burst of grief.

He sees the little wasting hand,
The pale and fading cheek,
And fain would utter words of hope
His tongue denies to speak.

He sits beside the little couch,
And sees his infant's throes ;
And though he loves it still could wish
That death the scene would close.

Then he recalls the winning ways,
The joy and childish glee,
The prattler used to gain a kiss,
Or climb upon his knee.

Ah ! Death, what breaches thou hast made,
Wherever falls thy stroke,
The firmest bonds, the dearest ties,
Remorselessly are broke.

And what were mortals when thy power
Against their race prevail,
Were not the Christian's anchor, Hope,
Made fast within the vail.

But *He* who left his Father's home,
Whose humble lot was cast
To sojourn in this vale of tears,
Will be thy plague at last.

Tho' now triumphant for a time,
And power to thee be given
To sever friends—yet know that they
Shall meet again in heaven.

TO WILLIAM ANDERSON.

A T A R N T Y S T R E E T L Y R I C.

BY WILLIAM CADENHEAD.

WHAT, Willie, man ! in southern touns
Can canty rhymsters chant their tunes,
And “A. C.,” frae his rural whistle,
Blaw to “J. B.” a kin’ epistle ;
And, catchin’ up the coothie strain,
“J. B.” blaw warmly back again ?
Can they exchange their fond regards—
As weel beseems twa neighbour bards—
And tell their splores amang the heather,
And we no sing to ane anither ?
Shall they their kin’ly whistles soun’
Frae Edinbro to Glasgow toun,
And no ae greetin’ pass, I pray,
Frae “W. C.” to “W. A.” ?
As lang as I my chanter blaw—
By a’ the bonds o’ friendship—na !

And yet, alack ! what heart hae we
Like them to raise our sangs o' glee ?
Poor Fact'ry callants ! When did Fortune
Send us amang the green hills sportin' ?
When could *we* get a week in June
To leave the noisy, smoky toun,
And speil the lanely hills together,
Amang the bloomin' whins and heather ?
Listin' the lark frae airy hicht—
Watchin' the earn's majestic flicht—
Or wand'rin' the wild woodlands thro',
Enraptur'd wi' the cushie-doo !

Instead o' that, the hale year roun'
We're penn'd within the murky toun,
Wi' naething better to uphaud us
In mental fire than gulps o' caddis,
Enough the keenest Muse to smore
That ever taught a bard to soar !

But haud ! I' faith, altho' till late
This pictur'd forth our common fate,
Methinks I hear you raise your laugh—
Lift owre my head your cudgel staff,
And, in a half amphibious roar,
You've pickit up aboot the Shore,
Exclaim—"Avast, lad, mind your eye,
I've now got other fish to fry !"

Weel ! so you hae ; but still its truth,
That, save remembrances o' youth—
When aiblins by the Craiglug wand'rin—
By Johnny Siller's mossy daund'rin'—
Or stoppin' in our childish journey
To wade in Daddy Brown's bit burnie—
Or climb the trees, hence thus sae duddie,
In Commissar' Fordyce's wuddie—
Or, later o'er, when waxin' big,
We ranged the heathy muirs o' Nigg,
Or pored for hours—poetic bairns !
Amang its lanely auld gray cairns ;—
Save these, alas ! poor fare, indeed,
Hae we the gentle Muse to feed ;
And us, I doot, 't would best beseem
To coax her wi' a different theme,
And try if we can mak amends
By singin' o' our auld gate-ends—
When *you* watch'd ilka splore and rig
That happened at the auld Bowbrig,
And *I* ran wi' inquiring look
Frae Renny's Wynd to Tarnty Nook.

Ah, man ! that was a happy time—
Mair blithe than I can tell in rhyme—
When ilka game brocht lots o' fun—
Whether "The Father and the Son,"
"Smuggle the gig," or loud "Kee-how,"
Set ilka bosom in a lowe—

Or "Huntie," "Steenie," "Rangiebus"—
Whatever game your heart could wus—
Till Hadden's bell's unwelcome twang
Tauld us that we had play'd owre lang.

And then the *charges* that we got
(For *bulkies* in those days were *not*)
Frae that grim carline auld Jean Carr ;
Or that bluff sailor, Poor Jack Tar ;
Or frae mad Edgar—fierce, uncanny ;
Or the cowl'd-headed Greedy Annie—
Wha on her knees would aften fa',
And pray for curses on us a' ;
Or Moorikin—terrific name ;
Or Lady Ladles—primpit dame ;
Or hunders mae that, if you wist,
Ye weel could add to my sma' list.

Then, Willie, lift your canty strain,
And sing about our auld gate-en' ;
Or, if your Muse wad higher soar,
Tell us of Downy's rocky shore,
Where aft we've stray'd when we were young.
The Brig-o'-ae-Hair's yet unsung ;
The Needle-e'e a lay provokes,
Sae rife wi' dulse and batherlocks,
And whaur the sea, wi' eerie soun'
Dashes the dark black rocks aroun',
And seems some growling rav'nous thing,
Ready upon its prey to spring,

But still retreating from the land,
Held back by some mysterious hand,
With fingers twistit in its mane,
Its wild desirings to restrain !

TO WILLIAM CADENHEAD.

A BOW BRIG LILT.

YE hae sung to me, Willie, sae deftly that I
Wad be muckle to blame gin I didna reply ;
But I'm dootfu'—it is in sic “canty a strain”—
Gin I can respond in the spirit again,
For the auld recollections you've spoken about
Are gems frae the treasures o' memory brocht out.
There 's a freshness aboot them that brings to my min',
The barefoot an' bird-nesting times o' langsyne—
When we sought ilka wood, ilka meadow, and park,
For the eggs o' the boldie, the lintie, and lark ;
The cushies and corbies frae Drum we wad bring,
Wi' piots, an' birrits, an' skites, on a string,
And up at the window for ornaments hing.

By Scraphard or Torry we whiles took our route,
When school skaled—for care we kenn'd little aboot ;
The saum, an' the chapter, an' questions were got,
An' we screedit them aff like a parrot by rote,

Then hame we wad rin, wi' oursklate and our buik,
 An' awa' to the Rake or the Pintler to dook,
 Though mithers wad warn, an' threaten or chide,
 Lest some o' their louns should be drowned in the tide.
 Then we swam owre the Dee, an' at Innes' farm
 Took a neep or a carrot, ne'er thinkin' on harm,
 Till Growlie, the grieve, or the ha'netsman, Main,
 Wad charge us across to the Brick Kilns again.

We caught in the tide while the baddock and fluke,
 Wi' the seth an' the eel at the auld Poyner nook,
 Then their skins roun' our legs, as we ran owre the braes
 Wad aften prevent us frae breakin' our taes.*
 Whiles whistles we cuttit frae the boortree or ash,
 An' whiles plaitit buckie or cap wi' the rash ;
 When wearied wi' ramblin', we finished the splore,
 Wi' a game at the "Bellums" or "Buffet the Boar."

Your remarks upon Factories are naething but truth—
 They're a dreadful confinement to age and to youth,
 Wha seldom, if ever, see aits or bear growin',
 Unless that an hour frae the Sabbath be stow'n ;
 An' *some fowks* wad fain, wi' their cantin' an' chat,
 Deprive the poor, jaded-worn creatures o' that.
 Just look at the weavers, sae pale and sae lean,
 A lingering decay in their forms can be seen—

* About thirty years ago, it was customary for the boys of Aberdeen to wear round their ankles the skin of an eel, as a preventative for breaking their toes upon stones.

They can scarce look contented or pleased with their fate,
When ill-fed and clad wi' the pittance they get ;
Few are the bright spots in their life that are seen—
They're like "visits o' angels" an' "aye far atween."

Like an egotist, noo, lat me speak o' mysel',
An' tell you a circumstance lately befell ;
It's a bit o' a secret—lat naebody ken,
Lest ithers may think that the *body* is vain ;
An', moreover, be mum, as you value your life,
Lest they say I'm henpeckit or ruled by the wife,
Whilk, though I admit this in part may be true,
Yet this is in confidence 'tween me and you.
Weel, lately the Muse made a visit to me,
But I'se tell you the thing as it happened, you see.

Ae nicht, when sitting leaf alane,
The lamp-light and the sky between,
I startit frae my chair richt fain,
When at the lock
I heard a tirl. Says I, "Come ben,
You needna knock."

The door was open'd, an' I saw
A bonny lassie, buskit braw.
Quo' she, "May this be 'W. A.,'
The bardie's dwallin'."
"It is," says I, "but kensna wha
It is that's callin'."

“I’m Thalia—do you ken me noo?”
Quo’ she, “I’m come to span your broo,
That ye may get a croun, bran new,
O’ bays or laurel;
Sae, latna this, ’tween me and you,
Be cause o’ quarrel.”

Quo’ I, “In faith, I ’d rather not;
Though I may scribble on an’ blot,
I doot there’s little to be got
By laurel crouns,
But sneers an’ snarls frae a’ the lot
O’ critic louns.”

Quo’ she, “lat critics shoot their shaft,
An’ sneer an’ snarl till they gae daft,
I thocht, at least, the Bulkie craft
Wad scorn their rancour,
As lang’s ye wear at ilka chaff
Hope’s real foul anchor.*

“Ne’er min’, although the critics seek
O’ minor bards to lichtly speak,
An’ ca’ them a’ a thievin’ clique—
Is that surprisin’?
They say that you, the ither week,
Was plagiarisin’.

* The Shore “Bulkies” are distinguished by an anchor on each side of the collars of their coats.

Says I, "Wha 'steals my purse steals trash ;'
But troth, I doot they needna fash
To steal frae bards, whase want o' cash
Is owre weel kent ;
An' for to steal their rhymes an' clash
Is time ill spent.

"Just tak a look o' history's page,
An' ye will fin', in ilka age,
That poverty 's the heritage
O' ilka poet ;
Like a' the lave, ye may engage,
I will enjoy it.

"But yet I hae nae cause to grudge ;
I've tried the ills o' life to dodge,
An' gin the public kin'ly judge,
The fient a hair,
Although the critics should cry 'fudge,'
Hae I to care."

I took the lassie on my knee,
An' sought her bonnie mou' to pree ;
"You've been a rantin' chiel," quo' she,
"When young an' stout."
Quo' I, "That 's true as true can be,
Ye needna doot."

Just as I spoke—preserve 's frae scaith—
 In comes the wife, as white 's a wraith,
 An' lookin' grim, like Meg Macbeth,
 Wi' dirk-like stare,
 Says, " Weel, ye may look blate-like baith,
 Ye ill-doing pair !"

She ca'ed Miss Thalia barefac'd —— !
 The Muse flew to the door like stour,
 An' *then* there was a thunder-shower
 Ye may conjecture ;
 That nicht I got, for ae half-hour,
 A Caudle lecture.

The Muse comes seldom here of late,
 An' when she comes looks unco blate,
 An' hums an' haws—at ony rate,
 She is less funny ;
 I think she hates the holy state
 O' matrimony.

But, Willie, lat the truth be tauld,
 Like me your neither grey nor bauld,
 Nor hae a wife to deive nor scauld
 Ye wi' her havers ;
Min', Bachelors, though they be auld,
 Are sure o' favours.

Court Thalia, she 's a canty quine—
The pick and wale o' a' the nine,
A bonny laughin' lass ; in fine,
 She 's never sulky—
An' write, whenever ye incline,
 To me the Bulkie.

M A N.

A F R A G M E N T.

EVANESCENT he springs
From the earth like a flower,
And sports in the sunshine
Of life but an hour.
And how little he knows
From the time of his birth
Till he mingles again
With the clods of the earth.

Yet he boasts of his knowledge,
His strength, and his power,
But feels when the clouds
Of adversity lower—
When, helpless and hopeless,
He finds that his race
Are valueless atoms
In measureless space.

Can he call on the seasons,
 Their natures to change ?
 Or the lightning and thunder
 To work his revenge ?
 Will the ocean obey him,
 When wildly it raves,
 Engulphing the mountains
 And rocks with its waves ?

Can his word or command
 The sun's journey arrest ?
 Or time faster speed
 At his mighty behest ?
 Will the freshness of spring
 At his bidding come forth ?
 Or the bleak winds of winter
 Come out of the north ?

*

*

*

TO MRS. MARY B——,

ON BEING INFORMED THAT A BRANCH OF THE DUNDEE AND PERTH
 RAILWAY WAS INTENDED TO PASS OVER A SPOT WHICH, AT
 ONE TIME, WAS A FAVOURITE HAUNT OF MINE.

THERE is a sweet sequestered spot,
 Where foot of mankind seldom treads,
 To lovers a forget-me-not,
 O'er which the birch and hazel spreads.

And there blue-bells and cowslips grow—
There nightshades purple pendants waves,
And there the water-lilies blow,
Which Isla's fairy streamlet laves.

There thrush and blackbird build their nests,
And join the linnet's evening song ;
And there the doe in safety rests,
Its tangled woods and wilds among.
And there in groups the spreading ferns,
Out from the rocky fissures peep ;
And up the steep are old gray cairns,
Where long-forgotten heroes sleep.

There I have spent the twilight hours—
There I have tasted purest bliss—
There, dearest Mary, love like ours
Was sealed with many a burning kiss.
But soon the magic scene will change,
And all its beauties be forgot ;
For there the wordling's foot will range,
And busy commerce crowd the spot.

THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE.

A FABLE.

A MAIDEN sought a flower *parterre*,
Where fairest blossoms grew—
She culled—but looked for one more fair—
Of brighter, richer hue.

Secluded grew a moss-rose meek,
In brightest colours dress'd,
It seemed as fair as maiden's cheek,
And Queen of all the rest.

Now to the spot she quickly draws,
Where grew this lonely gem,
But rashly prick'd her fingers as
She pluck'd it from the stem.

To see the blood (her dark eye flashed)
Fall trickling from the wound,
She scream'd with pain, and rashly dashed
The blossom on the ground.

But anger soon gave place to shame ;
Now silently she grieves
To find that she has broke the stem
And scattered all the leaves.

“ Fair maiden,” said the torn rose,
“ May this a lesson prove—
That thus it always is with those
Who, reckless, sport with love.

“ Its luring sweets they eager seek—
Possessed—too late they feel
The blush of shame suffuse their cheek,
Which art can ne’er conceal.”

S O N G.

AIR—“ Banks o’ Ruthven.”

LET ithers sport the fleeting hours
Wi’ courtly beauties buskit braw—
But gie me Jean, the fairest flower
The bank’s o’ Ythan ever saw.
Blithe, blithe I was an’ happy—
Blithe when the sun gaed down—
Blither when I met my Jeanie,
Buskit in her russet gown.

On Ythan’s banks the gowan grows—
The violet in its rocky bower—
The primrose in its bonny howes—
But Jeanie’s aye the fairest flower.
Blithe, blithe, &c.

The mavis on the birken tree—
The lav'rock like a flutt'rin' star,
Together join their melody—
But Jeanie's voice is sweeter far.
Blithe, blithe, &c.

She has nae art, she has nae wiles,
Yet she has stown my heart awa—
Sae fair her face, sae sweet her smiles—
For smiles like her's I never saw.
Blithe, blithe, &c.

Her hair wat wi' the dewy shower,
Is blacker than the raven's wing—
I'll sing her beauties owre an' owre,
Till a' the rocks an' woodlands ring.
Blithe, blithe, &c.

THE FOWK I' THE GREEN.

COME, Rob, tak your drappie, for ance we'll be happy ;
'Tis lang since we met, but our friendship's the same—
Draw in owre your creepie, we sanna be sleepie—
We've muckle to speak o' afore we gang hame.
Though now we are daddies, we ance were twa laddies,
An' mony a ploy in our youth we hae seen ;
We could scarce be restricket frae bein' ill-tricket,
When dwallin' amang the auld fowk i' the Green.

Ye'll min' how, like birdies, we flew wi' our girdies,
 Or play'd at "kee-how," or at "smuggle-the-gig ;"
 While down Renny's Wynnies we chased the bit queanies.
 Or gambled at buttons or bools at the Brig.
 Nae doot it was gallin' our auld mither's scaulin',
 For tearin' or wearin' our breeks or our sheen ;
 We just took their tellin's, and whiles owned our failin's,
 When dwallin' amang the droll fowk i' the Green.

When Feel Willie Milne cam' we aye made him welcome,
 Jean Carr, Buttry Collie, or Shouther-the-win' ;
 For we wad try the natures o' a' the daft creatures—
 "Ye nickums," the auld fowk wad say, "it 's a sin."
 We ruggit the duddies—tormentin' the bodies—
 Till some o's wad gat i' the lug wi' a steen—
 Then lickin's there maun be sae a' got our pandie
 Frae R*****, wha keepit the school i' the Green.

There was some gay wark, at the muckle Paise Market,
 Where wives bought their linen an sheets i' the spring ;
 Some chiel unco canny wad fa' on the plan aye
 To preen a hale mob by the claise in a ring.*
 Then there war siccan passions, sic threat'nin's an'
 thrashin's—

"They've torn my best Sunday's gown wi' their preen."
 "Oh ! just look at mine, tee," wad cry ither twenty ;
 "They 're deevils o' laddies wha dwell i' the Green."

* At the yearly Pasch Market it was customary, when a number of women were standing round a weaver purchasing linen cloth, for some cunning youngsters to sew or pin them altogether in a circle, so that they often tore a picee out of each other's clothes.

There were five or sax carlies, wha marked a' the fairlies,
An' met ilka day, at the foot o' the Stairs,
A' the uncoss relatin', an' often debatin'

On baith Kirk an' State, or their neebour's affairs.
The threatened Invasion gaed them an occasion
To shouter the musket at mornin' an' e'en ;
I' the ranks they wad jokit—they snufft an' they smokit†—
By my sang, there were patriots staunch i' the Green.

There were Snooks an' the Major, wi' Raffie, the gauger—
To see sic queer sodgers I trow you was fun ;
When they went a brigadin', to drill, or paradin',
They hired aye a laddie to carry their gun.
If rainy, these fellows would hoist umbrellas,
Or their wives send excuses, their husbands had been
A' the hale night lunautics, wi' pains an' rheumautics—
You will fin' they were Trojans that liv'd i' the Green.

In Watson's the shavers, sic boastin' an' havers,
On Thursday an' Saturday nichts, ye wad hear ;
For the gley'd Sweetie Doctor, an wee Tammy Proctor,
An' half-a-score mair held the house in a steer.
Tam said, "by my certy, you'll see Bonniparty,
In less than a week, will bombard Aberdeen ;
But troth, wi' my auld sword, an' that is a bauld word,
I'll teach him there's fowk that can fecht i' the Green."

† The Gentlemen Volunteers.

But now a' these places hae gotten new faces,
An' waes me ! the auld residerenters are gane ;
For cobblers and tailors, wi' brokers and nailers,
Dwell where there were ance most respectable men.
Without ony blawin', the house can be shawn
Where liv'd baith a Provost an' Baillie I ween ;
Sae ye may conclude that we've cause to be proud, that
Our neebours were 'sponsible men i' the Green.

THE ELFIN QUEEN.*

'T WAS All-Hallow Eve, and calm the night,
And the villagers met in the clear moonlight,
To gather their nuts in the hazelwood,
And hold, as was wont, their pastimes rude.
Loud was the laugh, and merry the song,
That came from that gay and joyous throng ;
For the lads were stout, and the maidens fair,
But Ann was the prettiest maiden there.

'T was All-Hallow Eve, and the Elfin King
Had summoned his fays to the fairy ring.†

* It is commonly believed that, should a maiden, during a nutting excursion on All-Hallow Eve, stray from the rest, she would be captured by the fairies, and be made their queen till Christmas, or disappear altogether.—*Beecroft's Traditions*.

† These rings or circles are frequently to be fallen in with in open spaces of woods. Their origin, we believe, is not very well accounted for.

"I summon you all to dance," he said,
"For my wife, your Fairy Queen, is fled
I know not where—and whate'er betide,
I'll have, ere to-morrow, a mortal bride :
And the fairest maid on the village green
Shall be without fail my Elfin Queen:

"Come from your bowers of fern and brier,
With your dulcet-sounds, ye midnight choir ;
Touch your harps with the gossamer string—
Let the purple bells of the nightshade ring,
And Æolus blow with a gentle breath,
Till concord stir the melodious heath.
Dance merrily round as your songs you sing,
To lure this maid to the fairy ring."

The villagers sought the forest glade,
But Ann from the group unthinking strayed ;
For softly and sweetly fell on her ear,
Low music which she alone could hear.
She followed the sounds in the leafless wood,
Till at last near the magic ring she stood ;
She fain would have gone, yet wished to stay,
So deftly they sung their roundelay.

"List," said the Elfin King, "I hear
The sound of a mortal footstep near.
Then haste with your midnight charms and bring
This one, if a maid, to our magic ring ;

With rosy festoons let her be led
Where dews in the sheen adorn my bed."
Then at his behest the fays they glide,
To bring to his couch his mortal bride.

The nuts were gathered—the charms were proved—
Each chose for the dance the one he loved ;
Then through the village a cry there ran—
“ Ob ! what has become of the lovely Ann.”
They sought her in cottage, in barn, in hall,
In the church—but she was not found at all ;
Then some one remembered she was not seen,
Since they went in a group from the village green.

The mirth was stopped, and in fear they stood,
Till some one said, “ She is lost in the wood ;
Let us go one and all to seek her there ;”
And then to the wood they all repair.
The brook they crossed—the hill they climbed—
And searched till the village clock had chimed
Night’s darkest hour borne on the gale,
Which the echoes repeat through the silent vale.

As the villagers entered the hazel wood,
The first cock crew, and before them stood
A maid they knew to be lovely Ann ;
But her form was rigid—her face was wan.
They all inquired when they saw her cheek,
What mattered her—but she refused to speak ;
With a wave of her hand she passed them by,
Nor turned to the right or left her eye.

The hill she descended, and crossed the brook,
Nor once behind did she cast a look ;
And when she appeared on the green next day,
They found young Ann was no more gay.
Next night she was seen to cross the brook,
And the path up the hill to the wood she took ;
But at first cock crow a form was seen
Coming slowly o'er the village green.

Now every night with wandering look,
The villager watched her cross the brook ;
Her face grew paler—her form more thin,
And no one a smile from her could win.
Till the eve of Saint John's when the snow fell fast,
Yet she went to the wood, nor heeded the blast ;
But never returned, nor more was seen,
And 't is thought she is still the Elfin Queen.

V E R S E S

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF ROBERT BURNS—1849.

Written for the " Burns Club," Sheffield.

WHO struck the harp that ne'er shall cease
To sound through every land and clime,
But vibrate shall, without decrease,
Until the latest verge of time ?

Who was he that a charm imparts,
And bears us far on Fancy's wing
As British tongues and British hearts
The Scottish muse can prize or sing ?

Who was he sought the "burnie's side"
To lonely spend the summer day,
With Nature only for his guide,
To tune his lyre or chant his lay ?

That lyre he touched in sun and shade,
On rock, on mountain, or in wood ;
Or, in the wild sequestered glade,
In peaceful calm or tempest rude.

Who is he can command our tears,
Or raise our native fire by turns ?
That comet of a thousand years—
Our Bard—our own immortal BURNS.

The name of BURNS will bear a charm
In every land where Scotsmen meet ;
His lays of Love and Home will warm
Their hearts until they cease to beat.

Unflinching, he could face the storm
Of Fortune in her fickle moods,
And sing with Nature, free from harm,
Amidst her greenest solitudes.

Undaunted, he could meet with scorn
And manly pride the tyrant's power,
And pleasure find, at night or morn,
On every blossom, plant, and flower.

Endeared by every sacred tie
Which every Scottish heart must own,
His memory shall never die,
Wherever friendship's bond is known.

Though distant as the Poles they dwell,
Yet, while they stretch the friendly hand,
His "Auld Langsyne" will be the spell
Reminds them of their native land.

Fame with her trump his praises sung,
And Echo caught and onward bore
His much loved lyrics, till they rung
On India and Columbia's shore.

While onward still shall roll the Clyde—
While Tay and Tweed shall seek the sea—
The name of BURNS, while Time shall glide,
The Scotsman's household word shall be.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF THE CLOUDS.

'T WAS ocean first that gave me birth,
Since then I've floated o'er the earth—
By zephyrs borne, by tempests driven—
Through every climate under heaven ;
Beneath Sol's genial beams by day,
By night 'neath Cynthia's cooler ray.
O'er seas I roam, o'er lands I march,
Above, below the rainbow's arch ;
I sweep the fiery comet's tail
Unscath'd—through airy space I sail,
No pole my guide—no land my mark—
I gaily steer my fragile bark.

Soon as the earliest beams of morn
The towering mountain peaks adorn,
The lark springs upwards from her nest
To wet with me her dappled breast ;
And, sweetly, as I glide along,
She cheers me with her matin song.

I see the soaring eagle when
Beyond the reach of human ken,
And many a planets lurid glow--
Unseen by all the world below.

When gathering mists, in shapeless form,
Obey the Spirit of the Storm ;
When thunders roll with deaf'ning peal,
And elements conflicting reel—
Amidst the gloom I wildly dash,
And ride upon the lightning's flash ;
Disperse the storm—then quickly fly
For rest in some serener sky.

When Ceres crowns the year with sheaves,
And winds have ceased to stir the leaves ;
When Zephyr dies o'er sea and soil,
And weary peasants pant with toil ;
When Flora's choicest beauties fade—
I form a cool refreshing shade.

I've seen the frozen regions drear,
Where Winter reigns throughout the year,
Clad in his everlasting snows,
And Borealis brightly glows—
Where lonely, on the icebound deep,
Odin and Thor their orgies keep.

I've seen the balmy land of vines,
And Phœbus almost cloudless shines,
And Nature's fairest forms are seen
In flowery vales and meadows green.

Still will I glide through every clime,
While onward holds the course of Time ;
Now gently borne, now rudely toss'd,
Till in Eternity I'm lost.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE TREES.

MARK the leaflets as they flutter
In the storm or summer breeze—
List the varied sounds they utter,
As they tremble on the trees.

When the balmy zephyr's flying
O'er the primrose in the grove,
'T is like simple maiden sighing,
As she dreams or thinks of love.

When the oak is rent asunder,
And the storm-king rides his car,
It is like the distant thunder,
Or the raging voice of war.

When the hollow blast is railing
Through the elder bush or thorn,
It is like the infant's wailing,
From its mother's bosom torn.

When the leafless woods are moaning,
 By the autumn's gusty breath,
 It is like the strong man groaning,
 In the agonies of death.

O U R A U N T Y M E G .

At the head o' the Port, in a but an' a ben,
 An aunt o' my mither's ca'ed Meg, lived her lane ;
 A braw gaucy widow—nac bashfu' nor shy,
 She keeplit a shop and a mangle forby.
 Robbie Reid, her gudeman, was a smith when alive,
 But drank himsel dead in the year ninety-five ;
 "Sma' loss to the warld—I carena a feg—
 There was mair at Culloden," said our Aunty Meg.

She dress'd ruffled sarks—for the wifie was clean—
 An' gear gathered roun' her like fog roun' a steen ;
 'Tween manglin' and dressin', the shoppie an' a',
 She scrapit thegither a hunner or twa.
 Ae lady would gie her a mantle or goon,
 Anither a shawl or a braw pair o' shoon ;
 Wi' claes a' her drawers were as fu' as an egg—
 A gae wily rotten was our Aunty Meg.

Our relations regardit Meg's word as a law—
 She was courtit by nephews, an' cousins, an' a' ;
 They gae her bit presents o' what they could spare,
 As ilka ane thocht she would mak him her heir ;

When siller was spoke o', however sae brief,
Then Aunty pretended she was growin' deaf,
Though weel it was kent that the body was gleg
As baudrons—sae cunnin' was our Aunty Meg.

When Christmas cam roun', wi' its feastin' an' fun,
A' the nights o' the week till the year was begun,
At ilka frien's house she would visit in turn,
Wha wished for her siller, an' her doun the burn.
She wad sip at her tea, an' wad patiently hear
A' the ither frien's faults rakit up through the year ;
Wi' a face she wad listen as lang as my leg—
They were ne'er contradickit by our Aunty Meg.

Willie Nicol, the Barber, when clippin' my hair,
Said, "Laddie, I doot you'll be auld Aunty's heir ;
She says you're sae guid, sae weel ye behave,
An' never misca' nor speak ill o' the lave."
But little I cared about Meg or her gear,
I thocht mair o' my bools, o' my tap, an' my pear ;
When something befel gaed our frien's a sair fleg—
A young chiel cam courtin' at our Aunty Meg.

In my mither's the frien's met, baith father and son—
Frae the Gearie cam Tibby an' lang Uncle John—
An' Meg was misca'd, an' they vented their spleen—
Sic a rage an' a rippit I seldom hae seen.
Aunt Tibby declar'd 't was a black burnin' shame—
A blot an' disgrace on the family name—

Weel waur'd it wad be though they needit to beg,
Sic wanton auld limmers as our Aunty Meg.

Meg cared nae a flee for their anger an' fyke,
She married the chiel, let them say what they like ;
He married for siller, expectin' a rake o't,
But Aunty took care he ne'er fingered a maick o't.
He drank an' gallanted, an' play'd at the cards—
In sax months he listed awa to the Guards.
His wife shed nae tears—"I'll be rid o' a plague ;
Him an' me will be better," said our Aunty Meg.

At fourscore, our Aunt was confined to her bed—
She then grew religious, at least sic was said ;
A grave leading Elder, weel gifted wi' gab,
Was sent by the Parson wi' her to confab.
He spak o' the joys and rewards they'd receive,
Wha siller or gear to the temple wad leave ;
He preached, an' at last drew the auld body's leg,
Sae the Kirk got the gatherin's o' our Aunty Meg.

A KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

I HAE been kissed by laird an' loon—
By herds an' ploughmen, twa 'r three score—
In braid day licht an' 'neath the moon,
But only ance ahint the door.

I hae been kissed in barn an' ha',
At kirk an' market times galore ;
But aue yestreen was worth them a'—
It was a kiss ahint the door.

My daddy, wha sae soun' can sleep—
He scarce wad hear the thunner roar—
Declared the crack was like a wheep,
It was sae loud ahint the door.

Your white-faced sentimental miss,
On whom young callants set sic store,
Wad jump at sic anither kiss,
As that I got ahint the door.

He wha flees frae a woman's frown
Is but at best a simple bore ;
The proudest *she*, I'll bet a crown,
Wad tak a kiss ahint the door.

Though I may never be a wife,
Yet live these fifty years an' more,
I'll nae forget, through a' my life,
The hearty smack ahint the door.

Nae mither's son shall pree my mou,
That ever hat or bonnet wore,
In future, whether fain or fou,
Unless it be ahint the door.

I'll wager now ye couldna guess—
It was (unless ye kenned before)
Our mim new Parson sta' the kiss
Which tauld sae weel ahint the door.

S T. V A L E N T I N E ' S D A Y ;

OR, CUPID'S ADVERTISEMENT.

LADIES, please to patronise
A little naked doctor boy ;
Gentlemen, who only prize
Love as but a pleasant toy,

Please to step into my booth,
All my cures are wrought by simples ;
I have laughs that frowns can smooth—
Smiles for tears, and sighs for dimples ;

I have balsam to anoint
Heart diseases, sprain, or tumour ;
When the world is out of joint,
Drugs to put it into humour.

Promptly I can do my work,
No physician can be brisker—
Sees at once where love may lurk,
Whether in a curl or whisker.

Eyes I have, both black and blue,
Blushes, pouts, and kissing ointment;
The goods are all Mamma's, 't is true,
But I am agent by appointment.

Airs to please the gentlemen,
Shapes to please the haughty beauty,
Fainting fits at one pound ten—
Cheap enough, they pay the duty.

I have lackadaisy leers,
Hysteric fits for all occasions,
Patent onion juice for tears,
Sudden starts and palpitations.

Hopes for those that are forlorn—
You may judge by this criterion—
I have powders that can turn
Ugly faces to empyrean.

Here 's an altar and a dove,
And a chariot drawn by sparrows;
Bearing hearts that burn with love,
And guarded round with bows and arrows.

I as Priest join hand to hand,
And to carry still the farce on,
Ladies please to understand,
The fees are you must kiss the Parson.

B A N N O C K S A N ' B R O S E .

THOUGH gowd maks the great baith respeckit an' braw
There is mirth i' the cottage, as weel's i' the ha',
Mair hamely, but just as weel relished by those
Wha live wi' content upon bannocks an' brose.

Your ketchup and sauces, your soups and preserves,
That stank i' the stomack, an' shake a' the nerves—
Your smachries are only a fusionless dose,
Compared wi' a supper o' bannocks an' brose,

Fastern's e'en wi' its fun an' its daffin' comes roun',
An' lasses an' lads meet in some neighbour's toun ;
Ilk ane taks a spoon ere the burriche close,
To try for the ring in a bassie o' brose.

They laugh an' they sup till they're a' like to split—
An' the lads are nae slack in displaying their wit—
There's nae muckle speakin' ye weel may suppose
When seekin' a ring in' a bicker o' brose.

Young Jean wha to Jockey sae lang has been true,
Unseen by the lave taks the prize frae her mou',
An' owre to her sweetheart sly glances she throws,
As muckles to say we hae managed the brose.

When the caup is clawed out, roun' the board is the cry,
“ Wha's gotten the ring !”—ilka ane they deny ;

The guidwife looks perplexed, lest her ring she may lose,
Or be swallowed unkent in a spoonful o' brose.

The secret breaks out—wi' a smile on her face,
'T is Jean has the luck, she is forced to confess ;
Then it's put in the bannocks, wi' warnings to those
Wha eat, to tak care, as they did wi' the brose.

Jock next gets the ring, and 't is settled that they
Will be married, nae doot, at the term time in May ;
Then they hae sang aboot, an' a dance they propose,
An' hame gang to dream upon bannocks an' brose.

Now, tell me ye rich, wi' your high-seasoned meals,
Your operas, your balls, an' your coterie quadrilles,
Gin the hail o' your routing sic happiness shows,
As country fowks get wi' their bannocks an' brose ?

LOCAL NURSERY RHYME.

THE substance of the following Nursery Song, which I but faintly recollect, used to be sung to me by an old aunt ; and it would seem, from the mention of Montrose's name in it, to be of local antiquity.

WHERE has the bonny wee laddie been ?
What has the bonny wee laddie seen ?
Has he been wi' his sister, or was he alane ?
Shoudie, phoudie, pair o' new sheen—
Up the Gallowgate, doun the Green.

Was he up by the widdie, or roun by the rigs ?
Did he wade through the burnie, or gang by the brigs ?
Was he pu'in' the gowans, to mak whirligigs ?
Shoudie, phoudie, pair o' new sheen—
Up the Gallowgate, doun the Green.

Has he seen a' the sodgers, toys, an' trocks ?
Has he heard a' the horses, the lammies, an' cocks ?
Was he playin' wi' Geordies, an' Jeanies, an' Jocks ?
Shoudie, phoudie, pair o' new sheen—
Up the Gallowgate, doun the Green.

Has he seen that terrible fellow Montrose—
Wha has iron teeth wi' a nail on his nose,
An' into his wallet wee laddies he throws ?
Shoudie, phoudie, pair o' new sheen—
Up the Gallowgate, doun the Green.

He maunna be fractionous—he maunna be baul',
Or minnie will lick, an' minnie will scaul' ;
Come awa to your aunty, your feeties are caul'.
Shoudie, phoudie, pair o' new sheen—
Up the Gallowgate, doun the Green.

This way the doggies gang doun to the mill—
Frae this pock an' that pock they're eatin' their fill ;
Then they drink in the dam, an' they rin owre the hill.
Shoudie, phoudie, pair o' new sheen—
Up the Gallowgate, doun the Green.

Wha is it wad greet when his face is to wash ?
For a drap o' clean water wad mak sic a stash ?
Its only ill loonies gie aunties sic fash.

Shoudie, phoudie, pair o' new sheen—
Up the Gallowgate, doun the Green.

Come awa to your beddie, my dawtie an' doo,
An' the morning I'll buy Lunnan candy to you ;
I'll rock you an' sing you a bonny ba-loo.

Shoudie, phoudie, pair o' new sheen—
Up the Gallowgate, doun the Green.

Fa' asleep bonny laddie, nor yawmer an' greet—
Put in baith your hannies, be quiet wi' your feet—
Lie still, else I'll scone ye, you troublesome geet.

Shoudie, phoudie, pair o' new sheen,
Up the Gallowgate, doun the Green.

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

'T WAS on a cloudless summer day,
Upon a grassy upland steep,
A little boy, when tired of play,
And culling nosegays, fell asleep.

Though almost hidden from the view,
The sky-lark poured his melody
Far in the mild cerulean blue,
And sang the Orphan's lullaby.

He dreamed that he beheld a land
Most beautiful with trees and flowers,
And there a bright seraphic band
Was resting in its sunny bowers.

On every face were smiles of joy,
No trace of sorrow or of care,
And in the spotless group the boy
Descried his sainted Mother there.

He fondly stretched to her his hand,
And murmured "Mother come to me,
Or take me to that happy land,
That I may always be with thee."

"Not yet, my child," his Mother said,
"But some years hence the time will come,
When thou shalt number with the dead,
And here thy spirit find a home.

"Griefs, cares, and sorrows must be thine—
A friendless wanderer thou must be
On land and sea, ere thou can join
In endless rest this company.

"But when life's storm shall o'er thee sweep,
When adverse fate thy bosom wrings,
My eye upon the pathless deep
Will watch thy lonely wanderings.

“When happiness shall light thy eye,
Thy mother will partake thy joy;
And when in sorrow thou shalt sigh,
I will be near my orphan boy.

“And when thy spirit is set free,
When thou no more shalt trouble fear,
Then, darling, I the first will be
To meet and give thee welcome here.”

The boy awoke, and, with a sigh,
Wished he was with his mother there;
The tear which trembled in his eye,
Showed the first instance of his care.

T I B B Y H O G G .

TIBBY HOGG was a dealer in cabbage an' kale,
Neeps, ingans, an' leeks, which she sauld by retail;
By her face I wad say she was sixty year auld,
An' lived, as it were but to skirl an' to scauld.
Ye might see on the doorstep her spare withered form,
As sharp as a half-moon foreboding a storm,
An' skirlin as loud as a scart in a fog,
“Come hame to your brakwest, ye rascal, Jock Hogg-

Jock was but her oey, guidman she had nane,
An' was an' auld maid gin there ever was ane;
When Jock went abroad, Tibby ne'er was ahin',
Hingin' on by his collar, for she was purblin'.

They never were single, an' when they gaed out,
Like the gowk an' the titlin' they travelled about ;
The neighbours said Jock was an ill-gated rogue,
Playin' mony a vile trick to his aunt Tibby Hogg.

Should shinnie or bools be the game o' the day,
Jock shook himsel clear an' took share o' the play,
An' whiles would hae taen the outskirts o' the toun,
Leavin' Tibby to skreich like the pipes out o' tune.
Though she couldna weel see, she could baith speak an' hear,
As her neighbourhood kent o' for mony a year ;
Wi' her pockmarkit face, black an' rough as a scrog,
There were few wad hae fouchen wi' blin' Tibby Hogg.

Wi' a blue-spotted wrapper, an' egg-doupit mutch.
At her side were a cushion, a sheers, an' a pouch—
There she carried her purse, wi' her sugar an' tea,
A biscuit or bun, as the case chanced to be.
Ilka hour o' the day—for she never wad tire—
Her kettle or trokie was seen on the fire ;
Wi' her head i' the aumrie, sae cosy an' snug,
Richt strong was the tea drunk by blin' Tibby Hogg.

She flyted at mornin', at noon, an' at nicht,
She flyted when wrang an' she flyted when richt ;
She flyted when waukin', an' whiles they wad threep
That, even at times, she wad flyte thro' her sleep.
She flyted when selling, she flyted when buying,
She flyted through life, an' she flyted when dying ;
She banned an' she flyted at man an' at dog—
There was nane lang in friendship wi' blin' Tibby Hogg.

She banned even Jock, wha she liket, when he
At twenty determined a sodger to be ;
When tell't that he wore an artilleryman's suit,
She cursed a' the army, baith horsemen an' foot ;
She cursed kings and courtiers, the Kirk an' the State,
She stormed like a fury, and banned her ain fate,
An' hopit Jock's back wad get mony a flog,
For leavin' his heart-broken aunt Tibby Hogg.

At last she grew dumpish, believed she was dead,
Next thought there was clockwork an' wheels in her head ;
Was offered a prayer frae Dominie Shaw,
But she banned till she fleggit the body awa ;
She mummled an' flyted as lang's she had breath,
An' some thought she even was flytin' wi' death,
Wha forced her upon her lang journey to jog,
Makin' peace in the quarter where lived Tibby Hogg.

I' the year thirty-three, Tibby's house was taen doun,
The last thackit ane ye wad seen roun' the toun ;
Outside a rough rickle, an' inside a den
O' mouse-wobs and dirt, wi' a but an' a ben.
When the king crossed the Dee, he could claim, gin he
choose,
Feu-duty, in shape o' a fresh white-blawn rose ;
Braw times it had been when sic rates were in vogue,
Though it ne'er was demandit frae blin' Tibby Hogg.

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HERALD."

SIR,—Doutless ye'll think me an aul'-farrant chiel,
Aye crackin' o' byganes, an' roosin' them weel ;
But for ance I'm determined to alter my tale,
For I've been at the Craiglug beholdin' the rail.

Preserve me 't is awfu' to see the train rin,
Puff, puff, and they're aff roun' the hill like the win' ;
They will rin fast I trow can cast saut on their tail,
Ev'n Foveran wad hae but sma chance wi' the rail.

Auld Snarl,* wha was o' strange theories sae rife,
Thought coachin' the greatest enjoyment o' life ;
Had he lived now-a-days he wad liket to dwell
On the ecstacies fouk feel wha ride on a rail.

And yet there 's ae question I'm anxious to speer,
Are we happier now than when riding shanksmeer ?
Though gowd is mair common, I'm safe to gie bail,
We war just as weel aff when we wanted the rail.

Ye'll just hae to pardon me though I digress—
I canna in conscience say "Guid speed" the race ;
For it has brocht sic crowds where I've daundered mysel—
They hae spoil'd a' the haunts o' my youth wi' their rail.

* Dr. Johnson.

They hae made the lightning a postman sublime,
An' done what they can to annihilate time ;
Ere lang ye will fin' they'll be hearin' a hail
Frae Cape Horn to the Pole wi' the wire or the rail.

I wonder what *they* (when in history's page
Will read o' our doings in some future age)
Will think—when the present inventions will fail,
An' naebody scarce tine a look wi' the rail.

For Solomon says what can happen has been,
But I'm thinking they'll mak yet a fleein' machine,
Which to travellin' will be *ne plus ultra* an' tail,
An' mak but a crazy cart-road o' the rail.

THE FRIENDLESS MAN.

Who is he I meet, so forlorn and lone,
He courts not a smile and bestows one on none,
And bears in the crowd such a heart-broken mien,
Gliding on like a spirit, unnoticed, unseen ;
When pushed by the proud one he yields with a sigh,
Though a glance may perhaps light his lustreless eye,
Frowns darken, nor joy change his features so wan—
It is the unhappy, the friendless man.

Misfortune the proud spirit often will bend,
But he only is wretched who lacketh a friend.

Life to him is a desert both barren and drear,
Without a green spot or a fountain to cheer ;
Though fortune with bountiful hand to his door
May bring her best favour, yet still he is poor ;
Then if wealth fails to buy such a treasure, what can
Give joy to the needy and friendless man ?

His hair once so glossy when buoyant and gay,
In the noontide of youth, now is straggling and grey,
His frame herculean is shrivelled and spare,
And his brow furrowed o'er with sorrow and care ;
His garments hang loose on his shivering form,
They are tattered and bare, scarce a fence from the storm,
And I doubt not the fortunes are chequered which span
The life of the poor and friendless man.

Come with me to his garret and look on him there,
See how hard is his pallet, how meagre his fare,
No kind word or smile chase the shadowy gloom
Which lowers like a cloud from his comfortless room ;
In compassion no tender hand binds up his head,
Nor closes his careworn eyelids when dead ;
He passes from life without blessing or ban,
For God alone cares for the friendless man.

ADVENT OF THE GOOD TIME.

“THERE 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
There 's a good time coming, boys—
Wait a little longer.”—CHARLES MACKAY.

As pensive I sat in the lonely churchyard,
The hoot of the owl from the steeple I heard,
And the flap of the grey little bat as it flew,
In fluttering gyrations around the dark yew.
And there lay the old coffins heaped in a mass,
Where rank grew the hemlock, the nettle, and grass ;
And the dead hour of midnight was drowsily flung
O'er the scene from the bell with its iron tongue.

The night-wind was hushed and the aspen was still,
And the bleat of the wild deer was heard on the hill,
As I felt o'er my senses a lethargy creep,
And sank on a moss-covered gravestone asleep.
While thus wrapped in slumber, appeared to my eyes,
From monument, gravestone, and mound to arise,
A legion of spectres who strode through the gloom,
And robed all in cerements befitting the tomb.

The owl and the bat at the sight fled away,
And the bright orb of night in a cloud hid its ray ;
I, too, would have fled from the ghost-haunted ground,
But, as if by a spell, to the spot I was bound.
They passed where I lay, and severe was their stare,
As if wishing to know why the living was there ;

And many a visage I knew in the throng,
Yet speechless and noiseless they glided along.

And there was the bachelor, bridegroom, and bride—
The prince, and the peasant, and serf, by their side ;
The giant and infant of barely a span—
The patriarch, stripling, and full-grown man.
And there the proud beauty seemed haughty nor vain,
Admirers nor suitors were seen in her train ;
She courted the lazar, and stooped to the shade
Of him, when alive, she had sought to evade.

And there was the man who had ne'er sought his God,
In friendship with him who had pointed the road ;
And there the misanthrope, deprived of his gall—
The castaway, too, was acknowledged by all.
And there was the wretch who had lived but for strife,
In peace with the man he had troubled through life ;
The weak and deformed did not feel a regret,
And mutual foes seemed their feuds to forget.

The prudent and prodigal, humble and proud,
In fellowship all seemed to mix in the crowd ;
The rich man, who ne'er had a wish unfulfilled,
Sought communion with him who his meadows had
tilled.

The young and the old, rich and poor wished to prove,
They were bound by the ties of affection and love ;
Then I pored in the future, and pondered the past,
And said this is surely the Good Time at last.

L I N E S

TO CAPTAIN WILLIAM PENNY, COMMANDER OF THE "LADY FRANKLIN."

PIPE all hands aloft—let the canvas be spread—
Brace taut and belay, for the breezes are fair ;
And three British cheers, when the anchor is weighed,
Tell how high are the hopes of the hearts that are there.

The sea will be proud as the taunt little bark
O'er its broad azure breast will be bounding away ;
Or gay from the sea-way she springs as a lark,
And luffs on the wind dashing lightly the spray.

At sunset the eye of the sailor will turn
Where the lov'd shores of Britain grow dim to his view,
And uncover his head, while his bosom will yearn
For the children and wife he has bidden adieu.

For far is the journey, and pathless the miles,
But noble the hearts are and strangers to fear,
And know that the scene of their trials and toils
Is winter unbroken each month of the year.

And noble the motive which prompts them to seek,
In a region so dreary, the lost and the loved ;
And *she*,* of all women, so patient and meek,
Shows a love how undying—a choice how approved.

* Lady Franklin.

Then go, and the prayers of a nation, ye brave,
Such as follow no blood-seeking conqueror's track,
Shall aid your endeavours, and *then* you shall have
Smiles and blessings from millions to welcome you back.

STANZAS TO A. F.

WILL ye listen to my vows, bonny lassie O,
As we wander o'er the knowes, bonny lassie O ;
Where the wild flowers o' the vale
Scents the balmy summer gale,
As it wanders through the dale bonnie lassie O,

When in yonder leafy shaw, bonny lassie O,
The chilly dew should fa', bonny lassie O,
We'll seek the mountain shade,
On the heather covered glade
And I'll row ye in my plaid, bonny lassie O.

Or, by yonder gowny braes, bonnie lassie O,
Where the ripplin' burnie plays, bonnie lassie O,
Together we will stray
Till the lav'rock's thrilling lay
Has proclaimed the dawning day, bonny lassie O.

WHAT IS A SIGH?

A SIGH is oft the child of sorrow,
When there is no friendly tear
To bedew the care-worn furrow,
When we mourn a friend that 's dear.

When a warm and faithful lover
Finds his mistress is unkind,
Or a rival does discover,
Then a sigh may ease his mind.

When the soul in thought is soaring
To the realms of lasting bliss—
At the throne of grace imploring—
Every sigh implies a wish.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

CAN ever bloated vice assume
Fair virtue's spotless form ?
As well might summer flow'rets bloom
Amid the winter storm.

There is the gloom of darkest night,
On vice's hated road ;
There is a halo, pure and bright,
Round virtue's calm abode.

There is a self-approving smile
On virtue's lovely face ;
In vice's features, black and vile,
We basest actions trace.

'Tis but a moment virtue shrinks,
When by misfortune crossed ;
But vice, unaided, yields and sinks,
And is for ever lost.

LECTURE TO THE LADIES.

ATTENTION, dear Ladies ! I'm anxious to prove
My task to be only the labour of love.
Decorum and silence is all that I want,
And such a request you may easily grant.
The advices I give for your good I intend—
They are properly tested, you all may depend ;
And are copyright no one dare pirate or steal,
And their benefits such that I dare not conceal.
As I give you them gratis, you cannot in honour
Do anything less than give ear to the donor ;
And when you have proved them, and found they are right,
I'll be proud should you dub me your champion and knight.
And as lecturers generally passages take
As groundwork—a reference from Byron I make—
“ Woman ! experience might have told thee,
That all must love thee who behold thee.”

Love, with its endearings of life is the heaven
Which tempers existence, and savours of heaven ;
And pure as the fount is from which it has sprung,
So pure is it found in the hearts of the young.
There it harbours in peace, unallied with pain,
Where virtue the curb is, and reason the rein ;
And there, though misfortune the sky may o'ercast,
It shines like a beam till the tempest is past,
Refining our feelings, and giving a tone
To souls that, without it, were dreary and lone.
No heart can be lonely, no bosom can mourn,
Which meets with a cordial love in return ;
Where prayers, reproaches, and threats, cannot move,
The heart melting yields to entreaties of Love.

I have not a doubt that were ignorance bliss,
You might tell me with truth you knew nothing of this ;
But at present 't were nonsense, and well I may doubt it,
I'll wager a kiss that you all know about it.
But though you all know, as I see by your laugh,
I'll wager another you don't know but half.
The young ones don't know, though they all are inclined,
How to catch a young bachelor just to their mind ;
For sometimes, in angling, they angle too long,
Then find out at last, hook or bait must be wrong—
Or the rod, or the weather, or spot—or, in fine,
They play with their fish till they break hook or line,
And this is the cause why three-fourths (I'll be bound)
Of the single among the old maids may be found.
In confidence now, have you not heard it said,
That it is a misfortune to be an old maid ?

Which none of you would be, at least with your wills,
But would rather have Jacks that you all might be Gills ?
And why not ? In reason no one can object—
Only those who can never blend cause and effect.
Then suppose some young man has been civil to you,
If not quite detestable, keep him in view :
But be not too diffident, that may be rash—
A common-place husband 's before a moustache.*
And, moreover, be cautious, nor make large advances—
Much freedom subjects you to many mischances.
Resist every freedom, each liberty crush
Which would jar on your feelings, or cause you to blush.
Call pride to your aid, if your sense is abused,
For then it can always with prudence be used ;
While freedoms when granted but oftentimes prove
The source of affliction—the death-blow of Love.

Avoid all flirtation and coquetry, too—
They are useless and dangerous arts to pursue ;
And on whom they are practised, in general they must
Produce disrespect, and perhaps a disgust.
Be not over-dressed, yet let taste have its share,
As a picture—for mankind will view you with care ;
Want of taste in an over-dressed woman is seen,
While slovenness absence of spirit may mean.
Resist affectation, even fops cannot fail,
With their nonsense, to see through so flimsy a veil ;
On the other hand, be not too bashful and shy,
Depend on it men do not take with that fly.

* Have all old maids moustaches ?—*Printer's Devil.*

To blushes and pouts in a crowd nothing loath,
Yet still, *tête-a-tête*, men dispense with them both.
Endeavour to get a peep under the scenes,
To win at his habits, his temper, and means ;
Examine his paces, as men do a horse—
The bargain, you'll find is for better for worse.
Let it be as it should an affair of the heart ;
Remember the term is till death do you part—
Your joys and your sorrows, your bane and your bliss,
Concentrate for life in a "No" or a "Yes."
'T is a crisis momentous—a pledge of your faith,
Of equal import with your birth and your death ;
Then treat not with levity what may become
The curse of existence—the wreck of a home.

But I wish you all married, both brunette and fair,
And I have not a doubt you are wishing you were ;
As I have your best happiness much at my heart,
Take care, make no blunders in playing your part.
Make Nature your guide, for you must recollect
That though aided by art, it is she gives effect.
Little more may be said on this head I conjecture,
So thus I conclude the first part of my lecture ;
And I'll wager my head, if you mark what I've said,
Not one in the dozen will die an old maid.

And now to the married a word I would speak,
And another quotation from Byron I seek—
"When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove,
The dearest remembrance will still be the last—
Our sweetest memorial, the first kiss of love."

Though one might live single, you all will agree
That wedlock when blest is a pleasure to see ;
But wedlock of temper and means is the test,
And to study them both is the way to be blest.
As I love all the sex, I your feelings would spare,
And seriously say to the married, take care ;
For causes which tend to embitter the life
Of a pair, must too often be traced to the wife.

If you would not be treated with scorn and neglect,
Be sure that you give *yourself* proper respect.
When your husband is angry, be sure you be cool,
Else *two* will be acting instead of *one* fool ;
For many vexations a husband may get
(His wife never dreams of) to cause him to fret.
Recollect that forbearance a breach will prevent,
And coolness will conquer when fury is spent ;
While passion disfigures, and envy and rage
Will stamp on the features a premature age.
Though years to the man may their wrinkles annex,
He would still have his wife the most fair of her sex ;
Then, should you be wrong, make at once a confession,
'Tis better to *own* than to *hide* a transgression.
Avoid double-dealing, for you may depend
Such practices must be found out in the end ;
Should he find you equivocate when he is crossed,
His confidence then will for ever be lost.
Admit of no friendships which cannot be seen—
No gossiping neighbour, nor 'cute go-between ;
'T were better to sacrifice friendships, I deem,
Than lose in your husband both love and esteem.

I trust you have wisdom to follow this plan—
As men deal with horses you must deal with man ;
When restive or rearing, without giving pain,
Let him feel by your love you have charge of the rein.
If spiritless spur him, but sparing and mild,
For horses and men are both apt to run wild.
Your husband may think, by my style and discourse
I'm a jockey, or groom, or a trainer of horse ;
But husbands, like horses, are rampant or vapid,
And the quadrupeds while have more sense than the biped.

Be thrifty and careful—be tidy and clean—
Yet generous and bland let your manners be seen ;
Be strict with your housekeeping—regularly see
That your income and outgo together agree.
Be careful of money, for what can you reap
By bargains when useless, because they are cheap ?
For gold holds its value, while bargains may number
Among many things which a house may encumber.

Give your husband attention, and if not a brute,
You will get your own way in each lawful pursuit ;
And should you dissent, let it be with a smile—
Forbearance and meekness will anger beguile.
Let method and order with you be a grace,
And everything always be found in its place ;
And should you require to reprove, never scold,
For rage in a woman will make her look old.
The cheek of contentment with beauty will glow,
Nor wrinkles till fifty be seen on the brow.

Your religion and morals should be of the kind
That best suits an humble and Christian mind ;
In a wife and a mother example is much,
While a free-thinking female (if that there is such)
Is a *lusus naturæ*—an ulcerous wound,
Like the Upas, which spreads an infection around.
But a mother who truth and religion regards,
In her husband and children will find her rewards—
Obedience and comfort, affection and peace,
And as she grows old, will her pleasures increase.

I might treat upon children, but then it is known
That parents, in general, have plans of their own,
Which just suit as well—let them study the others ;
Good husbands and children are proofs of good mothers.
And as on your patience I would not intrude,
Nor be tiresome, my second part thus I conclude.

The third class and last is a ticklish affair.
'Tis the Widows I mean, if still forty and fair,
Who are wider awake to affairs of the heart
Than the young ones in character, action, and part.
A few of them fail, but 't is only a few ;
If they once start the game, they will keep it in view,
Through plot and through counterplot acting the scenes,
At a pace which would startle a miss in her teens.
No doubling diverts them by night or by day,
Pursuing the "Lords of Creation" to bay.
You know it is truth, so you need not cry "Hush !"
The blush of a widow's a comical blush.

Therefore, to this class I have little to say—
Advices would only be thrown quite away ;
For though on the *tapis*, or laid on the shelf,
You know all about it as well as myself.

To the sex a few things I in general would show
Which father, or husband, or lover may know.
I would say to the single, observe if mamma
With respect or indifference treats your papa.
If she treats him with honour—respects his commands,
Be sure she is right, and her rights understands ;
You may there take a copy, and follow her plan—
A wife who does so makes her husband a man.
Should she treat him with arrogance or disrespect,
In return he will treat her with silent neglect ;
If she speak of him slightly even to you,
Make that no example, for keep it in view
That to honour but one upon any pretence
Is really dishonouring both in a sense.
To the married I say, let it never transpire
To the child what is secret 'twixt you and its sire.
Give your husband the honour, your children your love ;
Such conduct will all discontentment remove.
In the presence of children, let no mother dare
To tamper with truth, but be upright and fair.

But stop. If I am not mistaken, I find
There are some of the male sex slipped in from behind,
Who doubtless are husbands and bachelors, too.
Sirs, this lecture was never intended for you ;

We sought not your presence, but since you are here,
I may just drop a word by the way in your ear.
You will surely concur when I say he is no man
Who, in any case, would take advantage of woman.
We say she is weakest—admitting the case,
To treat her unmanly our sex must disgrace.
Young men, you should ne'er court a female for sport ;
Consider her period of wooing is short.
She gives you her all when she pledges her faith—
You may treat it as sport, but to her it is death ;
And the object she loves, whether faithful or not,
Though the grave closes o'er him, is never forgot.
Every tie will she break, and to you she will cleave,
And to love you alone all her kindred will leave ;
Then treat with respect her who always can prove
That she immolates all to affection and love.

And you that are married be kind to your wife,
Your only true friend and companion through life.
The world's hollow friendships you daily may mark,
Its prospects around you grow gloomy and dark ;
Still, there is one heart and a bosom where truth
Infuses the hope and the vigour of youth.
The contract is mutual, and each must maintain
The rights of the other in pleasure and pain ;
Then love on existence will act as a balm,
Which will flow as a river unruffled and calm,
Through felicitous fields which its waters will kiss
Unsullied and pure to the ocean of bliss.



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